THE CITY-HEIRESS:

OR,

Sir Timothy Treat-all.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

At his Royal Highneſs his THEATRE.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

LONDON:

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To the Right Honourable

Henry Earl of *Arundel*, and Lord *Mowbray*.

MY LORD,

'TIs long that I have with great impatience waited ſome opportunity to declare my infinite Reſpect to your Lordſhip; coming, I may ſay, into the World with a Veneration for your Illuſtrious Family, and being brought up with continual Praiſes of the Renowned Actions of your glorious Anceſtors, both in War and Peace, ſo famous over the Chriſtian World for their Vertue, Piety, and Learning, their elevated Birth, and greatneſs of Courage, and of whom all our Engliſh Hiſtory are full of the Wonders of their Lives: A Family of ſo ancient Nobility, and from whom ſo many Hero's have proceeded to bleſs and ſerve their King and Country, that all Ages and all Nations mention 'em even with Adoration. My ſelf have been in this our Age an Eye and Ear-witneſs, with what Tranſports of Joy, with what unuſual Reſpect and Ceremony, above what we pay to Mankind, the very Name of the Great *Howards* of *Norfolk* and *Arundel*, have been celebrated on Forein Shores! And when any one of your Illuſtrious Family have paſs'd the Streets, the People throng'd to praiſe and bleſs him, as ſoon as his Name has been made known to the glad Croud. This I have ſeen with a Joy that became a true Engliſh heart, (who truly venerate its brave Countrymen) and joyn'd my dutiful Reſpects and Praiſes with the moſt devout; but never had the happineſs yet of any opportunity to expreſs particularly that Admiration I have and ever had for your Lordſhip and your Great Family. Still, I ſay, I did

admire you, ſtill I wiſht and pray'd for you; 'twas all I cou'd or durſt: But as my Eſteem for your Lordſhip dayly increas'd with my Judgment, ſo nothing cou'd bring it to a more abſolute height and perfection, than to obſerve in theſe troubleſome times, this Age of Lying, Peaching, and Swearing, with what noble Prudence, what ſteadineſs of Mind, what Loyalty and Conduct you have evaded the Snare, that 'twas to be fear'd was laid for all the Good, the Brave, and Loyal, for all that truly lov'd our beſt of Kings and this diſtracted Country. A thouſand times I have wept for fear that Impudence and Malice wou'd extend ſo far as to ſtain your Noble and ever-Loyal Family with its unavoidable Imputations; and as often for joy, to ſee how undauntedly both the Illuſtrious Duke your Father, and your ſelf, ſtem'd the raging Torrent that threatned, with yours, the ruine of the King and Kingdom; all which had not power to ſhake your Conſtancy or Loyalty: for which, may Heaven and Earth reward and bleſs you; the noble Examples to thouſands of failing hearts, who from ſo great a Preſident of Loyalty, became confirm'd. May Heaven and Earth bleſs you for your pious and reſolute bravery of Mind, and heroick Honeſty, when you cry'd, *Not guilty*; that you durſt, like your great ſelf, ſpeak Conſcientious Truths in a Juncto ſo vitious, when Truth and Innocence was criminal: and I doubt not but the Soul of that great Sufferer bows down from Heaven in gratitude for that noble ſervice done it. All theſe and a thouſand marks you give of dayly growing Greatneſs; every day produces to thoſe like me, curious to learn the Story of your Life and Actions, ſomething that even adds a Luſtre to your great Name, which one wou'd think cou'd be made no more ſplendid: ſome new Goodneſs, ſome new act of Loyalty or Courage, comes out

to

to cheer the World and thoſe that admire you. Nor wou'd I be the laſt of thoſe that dayly congratulate and celebrate your riſing Glory; nor durſt I any other way approach you with it, but this humble one, which carries ſome Excuſe along with it.

Proud of the opportunity then, I moſt humbly beg your Lordſhips Patronage of a Comedy, which has nothing to defend it, but the Honour it begs; and nothing to deſerve that Honour, but its being in every part true Tory! Loyal all-over! except one Knave, which I hope no body will take to himſelf; or if he do, I muſt e'en ſay, with *Hamlet*,

---Then let the ſtrucken Deer go weep----

It has the luck to be well receiv'd in the Town; which (not from my Vanity) pleaſes me, but that thereby I find Honeſty begins to come in faſhion again, when Loyalty is approv'd, and Whigiſm becomes a Jeſt where'er 'tis met with. And no doubt on't, ſo long as the Royal Cauſe has ſuch Patrons as your Lordſhip, ſuch vigorous and noble Supporters, his Majeſty will be great, ſecure and quiet, the Nation flouriſhing and happy, and ſeditious Fools and Knaves that have ſo long diſturb'd the Peace and Tranquility of the World, will become the buſineſs and ſport of Comedy, and at laſt the ſcorn of that Rabble that fondly and blindly worſhipt 'em; and whom nothing can ſo well convince as plain Demonſtration, which is ever more powerful and prevailent than Precept, or even Preaching it ſelf. If this have edifi'd effectual, 'tis all I wiſh; and that your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to accept the humble Offering, is all I beg, and the greateſt Glory I care ſhou'd be done,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble
and moſt Obedient Servant,

A. BEHN.

THE

THE PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Otway*.

SPOKEN by Mrs. BARRY.

HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In ſtriving to reclaim a vitious Age!
Poets may write the Miſchief to impeach,
You care as little what the Poets teach,
As you regard at Church what Parſons preach.
But where ſuch Follies and ſuch Vices reign,
What honeſt Pen has patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye moſt devoutly ſnore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to Church to glout, and Ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
With equal Zeal ye honour either place,
And run ſo very evenly your Race,
T'improve in Wit juſt as you do in Grace.
It muſt be ſo, ſome Dæmon has poſſeſt
Our Land, and we have never ſince been bleſt.
T' have ſeen it all, or heard of its Renown,
In reverend ſhape it ſtalk'd about the Town,
Six Yeomen tall attending on its frown.
Sometimes with humble note and zealous lore,
'Twon'd play the Apoſtolick Function o'er:
But, Heav'n have mercy on us when it ſwore.

When

Whene'er it ſwore, to prove the Oaths were true,
Out of its mouth at random Halters flew
Round ſome unwary neck, by Magick thrown,
Though ſtill the cunning Devil ſav'd its own:
For when the Inchantment could no longer laſt,
The ſubtile Pug, moſt dexterouſly uncaſt,
Left awful form for one more ſeeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defie us:
From ſilken Doctor, home-ſpun Ananias
Left the lewd Court, and did in City fix,
Where ſtill by its old Arts it plays new Tricks,
And fills the heads of Fools with Politicks.
This Dæmon lately drew in many a Gueſt,
To part with zealous Guinny for----no Feaſt.
Who, but the moſt incorrigible Fops,
For ever doom'd in diſmal Cells, call'd Shops,
To cheat and damn themſelves to get their Livings,
Wou'd lay ſweet Money out in Sham-Thanksgivings?
Sham-Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who ere paid for a Sham-Treat before?
Had you not better ſent your Offerings all,
Hither to us, than Sequeſtrators Hall?
I being your Steward, Juſtice had been done ye;
I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.

Actors

ACTORS NAMES.

Mr. Nokes,	Sir *Timothy Treat-all*,	An old seditious Knight that keeps open house for Commonwealthsmen and true blue Protestants. ----He is Uncle to *Tom Wilding*.
Mr. Betterton,	*Tom Wilding*,	A Tory.--His discarded Nephew.
Mr. Lee,	Sir *Anthony Meriwill*,	An old Tory Knight of *Devonshire*.
Mr. Williams,	Sir *Charles Meriwill*,	His Nephew, a Tory also, in love with Lady *Galliard*, and Friend to *Wilding*.
Mr. Boman,	*Dresswell*,	A young Gentleman, Friend to *Wilding*.
Mr. Jevon,	*Fopington*,	A Hanger on on *Wilding*.
	Jervice,	Man to Sir *Timothy*.
	Footmen, Musick, *&c.*	
Mrs. Barry,	Lady *Galliard*,	A rich City-Widow in love with *Wilding*.
Mrs. Butler,	*Charlot*,	The City-Heiress, in love with *Wilding*.
Mrs. Corror,	*Diana*,	Mistriss to *Wilding*, and kept by him.
Mrs. Norice,	Mrs. *Clacket*,	A City-Bawd & Puritan.
Mrs. Lee,	Mrs. *Closet*,	Woman to La. *Galliard*.

SCENE, *Within the Walls of* London.

THE CITY-HEIRESS: OR, Sir Timothy Treat-all.

ACT the First.

SCENE the First. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, *followed by* Tom Wikding, *bare*, *Sir* Charles Meriwill, Fo
pington, *and* *Footman with a Cloak.*

Sir Tim. TRouble me no more: for I am resolv'd, deaf and obdurate, d'
see, and so forth.

Wild. I beseech ye, Uncle, hear me.

Sir Tim. No.

Wild. Dear Uncle---- *Sir Tim.* No.

Wild. You will be mortifi'd---- *Sir Tim.* No.

Wild. At least hear me out, Sir.

Sir Tim. No, I have heard you out too often, Sir, till you have talkt me out of ma
a fair thousand; have had ye out of all the Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Constables clutches
bout Town, Sir; have brought ye out of all the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and Po
Doctors hands, that ever pretended to cure incurable Diseases; and have croft ye ou
the Books of all the Mercers, Silk-men, Exchange-men, Taylors, Shoemakers, and S
striſſes; with all the rest of the unconscionable City-tribe of the long Bill, that had
Faith enough to trust, and thought me Fool enough to pay.

Sir Char. But, Sir, consider, he's your own Flesh and Bloud.

Sir Tim. That's more than I'll swear.

Sir Char. Your onely Heir.

Sir Tim. That's more than you or any of his wise Associates can tell, Sir.

Sir Char. Why his wiſe Aſſociates? have you any exception to the Company he keeps? This reflects on me and young *Dreſſwell*, Sir, men both of Birth and Fortune.

Sir Tim. Why, good Sir *Charles Meriwill*, let me tell you, ſince you'll have it out, That you and young *Dreſſwell* are able to debauch, deſtroy, and confound all the young imitating Fops in Town.

Sir Char. How, Sir!

Sir Tim. Nay, never huff, Sir; for I have ſix thouſand pound a year, and value no man: Neither do I ſpeak ſo much for your particular, as for the Company you keep, ſuch Tarmagant Tories as theſe, [*to* Foping.] who are the very Vermine of a young Heir, and for one Tickling give him a thouſand Bites.

Fop. Death! meaning me, Sir?

Sir Tim. Yes, you, Sir. Nay, never ſtare, Sir; I fear you not: no mans hectoring ſignifies this---in the City, but the Conſtable's; no body dares be ſawcy here, except it be in the Kings name.

Sir Char. Sir, I confeſs he was to blame.

Sir Tim. Sir *Charles*, thanks to Heaven, you may be lewd, you have a plentiful Eſtate, may whore, drink, game, and play the Devil; your Uncle Sir *Anthony Meriwill* intends to give you all his Eſtate too: But for ſuch Sparks as this, and my Fop in faſhion here, why with what Face, Conſcience, or Religion, can they be lewd and vitious, keep their Wenches, Coaches, rich Liveries, and ſo forth, who live upon Charity, and the Sins of the Nation?

Sir Char. If he have Youthful Vices, he has Vertues too.

Sir Tim. Yes, he had; but I know not, you have bewitcht him amongſt ye [*weeping.*] Before he fell to Toryiſm, he was a ſober civil Youth, and had ſome Religion in him, you'd read ye Prayers night and morning with a laudable voice, and cry *Amen* to 'em; you'd have done ones heart good to have heard him: ---- Wore decent Cloaths; was drunk but upon Faſting-nights, and ſwore but on Sundays and Holy-days: and then I had hopes of him. [*Still weeping.*

Wild. Aye, Heaven forgive me.

Sir Char. But, Sir, he's now become a new man, is caſting off all his Women, is drunk not above five or ſix times a week, ſwears not above once in a quarter of an hour, or has not gam'd this two days. ----

Sir Tim. 'Twas becauſe the Devil was in's Pocket then.

Sir Char. ----Begins to take up at Coffee-houſes, talks gravely in the City, ſpeaks indalouſly of the Government, and rails moſt abominably againſt the Pope and the French King.

Sir Tim. Aye, aye, this ſhall not wheedle me out of one Engliſh Guinny; and ſo I told him yeſterday.

Wild. You did ſo, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes; by a good token you were witty upon me, and ſwore I lov'd and honour'd the King nowhere but on his Coin.

Sir Char. Is it poſſible, Sir?

Wild. God forgive me, Sir; I confeſs I was a little overtaken.

Sir Tim. Aye, ſo it ſhou'd ſeem: for he miſtook his own Chamber, and went to bed to the Maids.

Sir Char. How! to bed to your Maids! Sure, Sir, 'tis ſcandal on him.

Sir

Sir Tim. No, no, he makes his brags on't, Sir. Oh that crying ſin of Boaſting! Well fare, I ſay, the days of old *Oliver*; he by a wholſome Act, made it death to boaſt; ſo that then a man might whore his heart out, and no body the wiſer.

Sir Char. Right, Sir, and then the men paſs'd for ſober religious perſons, and the women for as demure Saints----

Sir Tim. Aye, then there was no ſcandal; but now they do not onely boaſt what they do, but what they do not,

Wild. I'll take care that fault ſhall be mended, Sir.

Sir Tim. Aye, ſo will I, if Poverty have any feats of Mortification; and ſo farewel to you, Sir. [*going.*

Wild. Stay, Sir, are you reſolved to be ſo cruel then, and ruine all my Fortunes now depending?

Sir Tim. Moſt religiouſly----

Wild. You are?

Sir Tim. I am.

Wild. Death, I'll rob.

Sir Tim. Do and be hang'd.

Wild. Nay, I'll turn Papiſt.

Sir Tim. Do and be damn'd.

Sir Char. Bleſs me, Sir, what a ſcandal would that be to the Family of the *Treat-alls!*

Sir Tim. Hum! I had rather indeed he turn'd Turk or Jew, for his own ſake; but as for ſcandalizing me, I defie it: my Integrity has been known ever ſince Forty One; I bought three thouſand a year in Biſhops Lands, as 'tis well known, and loſt it at the Kings return; for which I'm honour'd by the City. But for his farther ſatisfaction, conſolation, and diſtruction, know, That I Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, Knight and Alderman, do think my ſelf young enough to marry, d'ye ſee, and will wipe your Noſe with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and ſo forth. [*going away.*

Wild. Death! marry!

Sir Char. Patience, dear *Tom*, or thou't ſpoil all.

Wild. Damn him, I've loſt all Patience, and can diſſemble no longer, though I loſe all,------Very good, Sir; heark ye, I hope ſhe's young and handſome; or if ſhe be not, amongſt the numerous luſty-ſtomacht Whigs that dayly noſe your publick Dinners, ſome may be found that either for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your Treats. You keep open houſe to all the Party, not for Mirth, Generoſity, or good Nature, but for Roguery. You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance, gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all Sexes, Sorts, Opinions, and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hot-headed Fools, and Malecontents: You guttle and fawn on all, and all in hopes of debauching the Kings Liege-people into Commonwealths-men; and rather than loſe a Convert, you'll pimp for him. Theſe are your nightly Debauches.---Nay, rather than you ſhall want it, I'll cuckold you my ſelf in pure Revenge.

Sir Tim. How! Cuckold his own natural Uncle!

Sir Char. Oh, he cannot be ſo prophane.

Wild. Prophane! why he deni'd but now the having any ſhare in me; and therefore 'tis lawful. I am to live by my wits, you ſay, and your old rich good-natur'd

Cuckold is as sure a Revenue to a handsome young Cadet, as a thousand pound a year. Your tolerable face and shape is an Estate in the City, and a better Bank than your Six *per Cent.* at any time.

Sir Tim. Well, Sir, since Nature has furnisht you so well, you need but up and ride, show and be rich; and so your Servant, witty Mr. *Wilding*. [*Goes out, he looks after him.*

Sir Char. Whilst I am labouring anothers good, I quite neglect my own. This cursed, proud, disdainful Lady *Galliard*, is ever in my head; she's now at Church, I'm sure, not for Devotion, but to shew her Charms, and throw her Darts amongst the gazing Crowd, and grows more vain by Conquest I'm near the Church, and must step in, though it cost me a new Wound. [Wild. *stands pausing.*

Wild. I am resolv'd-----Well, dear *Charles*, let's sup together to night, and contrive some way to be reveng'd of this wicked Uncle of mine. I must leave thee now, for I have an assignation here at Church.

Sir Char. Hah! at Church!

Wild. Aye, *Charles*, with the dearest she-Saint, and I hope sinner.

Sir Char. What at Church? Pox, I shall be discovered now in my Amours. That's an odde place for Love-Intrigues.

Wild. Oh, I am to pass for a sober discreet person to the Relations; but for my Mistriss, she's made of no such sanctified Materials; she is a Widow, *Charles*, young, rich, and beautiful.

Sir Char. Hah! if this should prove my Widow now! [*Aside.*

Wild. And though at her own dispose, yet is much govern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her against the Vices of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks; dreads nothing so much as her Daughters marrying a villanous Tory: So the young one is forc'd to dissemble Religion, the best Mask to hide a kind Mistriss in,

Sir Char. This must be my Lady *Galliard*. [*Aside.*

Wild. There is at present some ill understanding between us; some damn'd Honourable Fop lays siege to her, which has made me ill received; and I having a new Intrigue elsewhere, return her cold disdain, but now and then she crosses my Heart too violently to resist her. In one of these hot fits I now am, and must find some occasion to speak to her.

Sir Char. By Heaven, it must be she!---- I am studying now, amongst all our she-Acquaintance, who this shou'd be.

Wild. Oh, this is of quality to be conceal'd: but the dearest loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lillies, smooth as Rushes, and plump as Grapes after showers, haughty her Meen, her Eyes full of disdain, and yet bewitching sweet; but when she loves, soft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour! Oh, damn the Nonsence, wou'd be all my own.

Sir Char. 'Tis she, by Heaven! [*aside.*] Methinks this Widow shou'd prove a good Fortune to you, as things now stand between you and your Uncle.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, but I am otherways dispos'd of. There is the most charming young thing in nature fallen in love with this person of mine, a rich City-Heiress, *Charles*; I have her in possession.

Sir Char. How can you love two at once? I've been as wild, and as extravagant, as

as Youth and Wealth cou'd render me; but ne'er arriv'd to that degree of Lewdness, to deal my Heart about: my Hours I might, but Love should be intire.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, two such bewitching Faces wou'd give thy Heart the lye:---- But Love divides us, and I must into Church. Adieu till night.

Sir Char. And I must follow to resolve my heart in what it dreads to learn. Here, my Cloak. [*Takes his Cloak from his man, and puts it on.*] Hah, Church is done! See, they are coming forth!

Enter People cross the Stage, as from Church; amongst 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, *follow'd by Sir* Tim. Treat-all.

Hah, my Uncle! He must not see me here. [*Throws his Cloak over his face.*

Sir Tim. What my old Friend and Acquaintance, Sir *Anthony Meriwill!*

Sir Anth. Sir *Timothy Treat-all!*

Sir Tim. Whe! How long have you been in Town, Sir?

Sir Anth. About three days, Sir.

Sir Tim. Three days, and never came to dine with me! 'tis unpardonable! What, you keep close to the Church, I see: You are for the Surplice still, old Orthodox you: the Times cannot mend you, I see.

Sir Anth. No, nor shall they mar me, Sir.

Sir Char. They are discourling; I'll pass by. [*Aside. Exit Sir* Char.

Sir Anth. As I take it, you came from Church too.

Sir Tim. Aye, needs must, when the Devil drives. I go to save my Bacon, as they say, once a month, and that too, after the Porrage is serv'd up.

Sir Anth. Those that made it, Sir, are wiser than we. For my part, I love good wholsome Doctrine, that teaches Obedience to my King and Superiours, without railing at the Government, and quoting Scripture for Sedition, Mutiny, and Rebellion. Why here was a jolly Fellow this morning made a notable Sermon. By *George*, our Country-Vicars are meer Scholars to your Gentlemen Town-Parsons! Hah, how he handled the Text, and run Divisions upon't! 'twou'd make a man sin with moderation, to hear how he claw'd away the Vices of the Town, Whoring, Drinking, and Conventicling, with the rest of the deadly number.

Sir Tim. Good lack! an he were so good at Whoring and Drinking, you'd best carry your Nephew, Sir *Charles Meriwill*, to Church; he wants a little Documentizing that way.

Sir Anth. Hum! You keep your old wont still; a man can begin no discourse to you, be it of *Prester John*, but you still conclude with my Nephew.

Sir Tim. Good Lord! Sir *Anthony*, you need not be so purty; what I say, is the Discourse of the whole City, how lavishly you let him live, and give ill Examples to all young Heirs.

Sir Anth. The City! the City's a grumbling, lying, dissatisfi'd City, and no wise or honest man regards what it says. Do you, or any of the City, stand bound to his Scrivener or Taylor? He spends what I allow him, Sir, his own; and you're a Fool or Knave, chuse ye whether, to concern your self.

Sir Tim. Good lack! I speak but what wiser men discourse.

Sir Anth. Wiser men! wiser Coxcombs. What, they wou'd have me train my Nephew up, a hopeful Youth, to keep a Merchants Book, or send him to chop Logick in a University, and have him return an errant learned Ass, to simper, and look demure,

mure, and ſtart at Oaths and Wenches, whilſt I fell his Woods, and grant Leaſes; and laſtly, to make good what I have cozen'd him of, force him to marry Mrs. *Crump*, the ill-favour'd Daughter of ſome Right Worſhipful. ---- A Pox of all ſuch Guardians.

Sir Tim. Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

Sir Anth. What ſin, what expences? He wears good Cloaths, why Trades-men get the more by him; he keeps his Coach, 'tis for his eaſe; a Miſtriſs, 'tis for his pleaſure; he games, 'tis for his diverſion: And where's the harm of this? is there ought elſe you can accuſe him with?

Sir Tim. Yes; ---- a Pox upon him, he's my Rival too. [*aſide.*] Why then I'll tell you, Sir, he loves a Lady.

Sir Anth. If that be a ſin, Heaven help the Wicked!

Sir Tim. But I mean honourably.----

Sir Anth. Honourably! Why do you know any Infirmity in him, why he ſhou'd not marry? [*Angrily.*

Sir Tim. Not I, Sir.

Sir Anth. Not you, Sir? why then you're an Aſs, Sir. ---- But is the Lady young and handſome?

Sir Tim. Aye, and rich too, Sir.

Sir Anth. No matter for Money, ſo ſhe love the Boy.

Sir Tim. Love him! no, Sir, ſhe neither does, nor ſhall love him.

Sir Anth. How, Sir, nor ſhall love him! By *George*, but ſhe ſhall, and lie with him too, if I pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Tim. How, Sir! lie with a rich City-widow, and a Lady, and to be married to a fine Reverend old Gentleman within a day or two?

Sir Anth. His name, Sir, his name; I'll diſpatch him preſently. [*Offers to draw.*

Sir Tim. How, Sir, diſpatch him! ---- Your Servant, Sir. [*Offers to go.*

Sir Anth. Hold, Sir! by this abrupt departure, I fancy you the Boy's Rival: Come, draw. [*Draws.*

Sir Tim. How, draw, Sir!

Sir Anth. Aye draw, Sir: Not my Nephew have the Widow!

Sir Tim. With all my ſoul, Sir; I love and honour your Nephew. I his Rival! alas, Sir, I'm not ſo fond of Cuckoldom. Pray, Sir, let me ſee you and Sir *Charles* at my houſe, I may ſerve him in this buſineſs: and ſo I take my leave, Sir.----- Draw quoth a! a Pox upon him for an old Tory-rory. [*Aſide. Exit.*

Enter as from Church, Lady Galliard, Cloſet, *and Footman:* Wilding *paſſes careleſly by her, Sir* Charles Meriwill *following wrapt in his Cloak.*

Sir Anth. Who's here? *Charles* muffled in a Cloak, peering after a woman? ----My own Boy to a hair. She's handſome too. I'll ſtep aſide: for I muſt ſee the meaning on't. [*Goes aſide.*

L. *Gall.* Bleſs me! how unconcern'd he paſs'd!

Cloſ. He bow'd low, Madam.

L. *Gall.* But 'twas in ſuch a faſhion, as expreſt Indifferency, much worſe than Hate from *Wilding.*

Cloſ. Your Ladyſhip has us'd him ill of late; yet if your Ladyſhip pleaſe, I'll call him back.

L. *Gall.*

L. *Gall.* I'll die firſt.---- Hah, he's going!---- Yet now I think on't, I have a Toy of his, which to expreſs my ſcorn, I'll give him back now:---- this Ring.

Cloſ. Shall I carry it, Madam?

L. *Gall.* You'll not expreſs diſdain enough in the delivery; and you may call him back. [Cloſ. *goes to* Wild.

Sir Char. By Heaven, ſhe's fond of him. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Oh, Mrs. *Cloſet!* is it you?---- Madam, your Servant: By this diſdain, I fear your Woman, Madam, has miſtaken her Man. Wou'd your Ladyſhip ſpeak with me?

L. *Gall.* Yes.---- But what? the God of Love inſtruct me. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Command me quickly, Madam: for I have buſineſs.

L. *Gall.* Nay, then I cannot be diſcreet in Love. [*Aſide.*

---Your buſineſs once was Love, nor had no idle hours
To throw away on any other thought.
You lov'd as if you'd had no other Faculties,
As if you'd meant to gain Eternal Bliſs
By that Devotion onely: And ſee how now you're chang'd.

Wild. Not I, by Heaven; 'tis you are onely chang'd.
I thought you'd love me too, curſe on the dull miſtake;
But when I beg'd to reap the mighty Joy
That Mutual Love affords,
You turn'd me off for Honour,
That nothing fram'd by ſome old ſullen Maid,
That wanted Charms to kindle flames when young.

Sir Anth. By *George*, he's i'th' right. [*Aſide.*

Sir Char. Death! can ſhe hear this Language? [*Aſide.*

L. *Gall.* How dare you name this to me any more?
Have you forgot my Fortune, and my Youth?
My Quality, and Fame?

Wild. No, by Heaven, all theſe increaſe my Flame.

L. *Gall.* Perhaps they might, but yet I wonder where
You got the boldneſs to approach me with it.

Wild. Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.

L. *Gall.* From mine! Heavens, what contempt is this!

Wild. When firſt I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me)
They were for Honour all;
But wiſer you, thanks to your Mothers care too,
Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope,
My Life of ſcandal, and my lewd Opinion,
Forbid my Wiſh that way: 'Twas kindly urg'd;
You cou'd not then forbid my Paſſion too,
Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes,
Receive the cruel ſentence of my Death.

Sir Anth. Gad, a fine fellow this!

L. *Gall.* To ſave my life, I wou'd not marry thee.

Wild. That's kindly ſaid;

But to ſave mine, thou't do a kinder thing;
----I know thou wo't.
L. *Gall.* What, yield my Honour up!
And after find it ſacrific'd anew,
And made the ſcorn of a triumphing Wife!
Sir Anth. Gad, ſhe's i'th' right too; a noble Girl I'll warrant her.
L. *Gall.* But you diſdain to ſatisfie thoſe fears;
And like a proud and haughty Conqueror,
Demand the Town, without the leaſt Conditions.
Sir Char. By Heaven, ſhe yields apace. [*Aſide.*
Sir Anth. Pox on't, wou'd I'd ne'er ſeen her; now have I a Legend of ſmall *Cupids* at Hot-cockles in my heart.
Wild. Now am I pawſing on that word Conditions.
Thou ſayſt thou wou'dſt not have me marry thee;
That is, as if I lov'd thee for thy Eyes,
And put 'em out to hate thee:
Or like our Stage-ſmitten Youth, who fall in love with a woman for Acting finely, and by taking her off the Stage, deprive her of the onely Charm ſhe had,
Then leave her to Ill Luck.
Sir Anth. Gad, he's i'th' right again too! A rare Fellow!
Wild. For, Widow, know, hadſt thou more Beauty, yet not all of 'em were half ſo great a Charm as thy not being mine.
Sir Anth. Hum! How will he make that out now?
Wild. The ſtealths of Love, the Midnight kind admittance,
The gloomy Bed, the ſoft-breath'd murmuring Paſſion;
Ah, who can gueſs at Joys thus ſnatcht by parcels!
The difficulty makes us always wiſhing,
Whilſt on thy part, Fear ſtill makes ſome reſiſtance;
And every Bleſſing ſeems a kind of Rape.
Sir Anth. H'as don't! ---- A Divine Fellow this; juſt of my Religion. I am ſtudying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother.
L. Gall. *walks away,* Wild. *follows.*
L. *Gall.* Tempt me no more! What dull unwary Flame
Poſſeſt me all this while! Confuſion on thee, [*In Rage.*
And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.
Diſeaſes ruine that bewitching form,
That with thy ſoft feign'd Vows debaucht my Heart.
Sir Char. Heavens! can I yet endure! [*Aſide.*
L. *Gall.* By all that's good, I'll marry inſtantly;
Marry, and ſave my laſt ſtake, Honour, yet,
Or thou wilt rook me out of all at laſt.
Wild. Marry! thou canſt not do a better thing:
There are a thouſand Matrimonial Fops,
Fine Fools of Fortune,
Good-natur'd Blockheads too, and that's a wonder.
L. *Gall.* That will be manag'd by a man of Wit.

Wild. Right.

L. *Gall.* I have an eye upon a Friend of yours.

Wild. A Friend of mine! then he must be my Cuckold.

Sir Char. Very fine! can I endure yet more? [*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* Perhaps it is your Uncle.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle! [*Sir* Charles *makes up to 'em.*

Sir Anth. Hah, my *Charles!* why well said *Charles*, he bore up briskly to her.

Sir Char. Ah, Madam, may I presume to tell you----

Sir Anth. Ah, Pox, that was stark naught! he begins like a Fore-man o'th' Shop to his Masters Daughter.

Wild. How, *Charles Meriwill* acquainted with my Widow!

Sir Anth. Why do you wear that scorn upon your face?
I've nought but honest meaning in my Passion;
Whilst him you favour, so prophanes your Beauties,
In scorn of Marriage and religious Rites,
Attempts the ruine of your sacred Honour.

L. *Gall.* Hah, *Wilding*, boast my love! [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. The Devil take him, my Nephew's quite spoil'd!
Why what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

L. *Gall.* Pray leave me, Sir.

Wild. Damn it, since he knows all, I'll boldly own my flame---
You take a liberty I never gave you, Sir.

Sir Char. How, this from thee! nay, then I must take more,
And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,
T'approach that Lady with your sawcy Passion.

Sir Anth. Gad, well done, *Charles!* here must be sport anon.

Wild. I will not answer every idle Question.

Sir Char. Death, you dare not.

Wild. How, dare not!

Sir Char. No, dare not: for if you did----

Wild. What durst you, if I did?

Sir Char. Death, cut your Throat, Sir. [*Taking hold on him roughly.*

Sir Anth. Hold, hold, let him have fair play, and then curse him that parts ye.
Taking 'em asunder, they draw.

L. *Gall.* Hold, I command ye, hold!

Sir Char. There rest my Sword to all Eternity. [*Lays his Sword at her feet.*

L. *Gall.* Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,
If you were e'er acquainted with that Vertue,
To see my face no more,
Who durst dispute your interest in me thus,
As for a common Mistris, in your Drink.
She goes out, and all but Wild. *Sir* Anth. *and Sir* Char. *who stands sadly looking after her.*

Sir Anth. A heavenly Girl!---- Well, now she's gone, by *George*, I am for disputing your Title to her by dint of Sword.

Sir Char. I wo'not fight.

Wild. Another time we will decide it, Sir. [*Wild, goes out.*

Sir Anth. After your whining Prologue, Sir, who the Devil would have expected such a Farce? --- Come, *Charles*, take up thy Sword, *Charles*; --- and, d'ye hear, forget me this Woman. ---

Sir Char. Forget her, Sir! there never was a thing so excellent!

Sir Anth. You lye, Sirrah, you lye, there are a thousand
As fair, as young, and kinder, by this day.
We'll into th' Country, *Charles*, where every Grove
Affords us Rustick Beauties,
That know no Pride nor Painting,
And that will take it and be thankful, *Charles*;
Fine wholsome Girls that fall like ruddy Fruit,
Fit for the gathering, *Charles*.

Sir Char. Oh, Sir, I cannot relish the coarse Fare.
But what's all this, Sir, to my present Passion?

Sir Anth. Passion, Sir! you shall have no Passion, Sir.

Sir Char. No Passion, Sir! shall I have life and breath?

Sir Anth. It may be not, Sirrah, if it be my will and pleasure. ---Why how now! sawcy Boys be their own Carvers?

Sir Char. Sir, I am all Obedience. [*Bowing and sighing.*

Sir Anth. Obedience! Was ever such a Blockhead! Why then if I command it, you will not love this Woman?

Sir Char. No, Sir.

Sir Anth. No, Sir! But I say, Yes, Sir, love her me; and love her me like a man too, or I'll renounce ye, Sir.

Sir Char. I've try'd all ways to win upon her heart,
Presented, writ, watcht, fought, pray'd, kneel'd, and weept.

Sir Anth. Why there's it now; I thought so: Kneel'd and weept! a Pox upon thee---I took thee for a prettier fellow.---
You shou'd a hufft and bluster'd at her door;
Been very impudent and sawcy, Sir;
Lewd, ruffling, mad; courted at all hours and seasons;
Let her not rest, nor eat, nor sleep, nor visit.
Believe me, *Charles*, women love importunity.
Watch her close, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till she confess the Devil in her, ---Love.

Sir Char. I cannot, Sir.
Her Eyes strike such an awe into my Soul, ---

Sir Anth. Strike such a Fiddlestick.---Sirrah, I say, do't; what, you can towse a Wench as handsomly---You can be lewd enough upon occasion. I know not the Lady, nor her Fortune; but I am resolv'd thou shalt have her, with practising a little Courtship of my mode.---Come---

Come, my Boy *Charles*, since you must needs be doing,
I'll shew thee how to go a Widow-wooing.

ACT

ACT the Second.

SCENE the First. *A Room.*

Enter Charlot, Fopington, *and* Clacket.

Charl. ENough, I've heard enough of *Wilding*'s Vices, to know I am undone. [*weeps*] —*Galliard* his Miſtriſs too? I never ſaw her, but I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune.
That Rival may be dangerous.

Fop. Yes, Madam, the fair, the young, the witty Lady *Galliard*, even in the height of all his love to you; nay, even whilſt his Uncle courts her for a Wife, he deſignes himſelf for a Gallant.

Charl. Wonderous Inconſtancy and Impudence!

Mrs. *Clack.* Nay, Madam, you may rely upon Mr. *Fopington*'s Information: therefore if you reſpect your Reputation, retreat in time.

Charl. Reputation! that I forfeited when I ran away with your Friend Mr. *Wilding*.

Mrs. *Clack.* Ah, that ever I ſhould live to ſee [*weeps*] the ſole Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, run away with one of the lewdeſt Heathens about town!

Charl. How! your Friend Mr. *Wilding* a Heathen; and with you too, Mrs. *Clacket*! That Friend Mr. *Wilding*, who thought none ſo worthy as Mrs. *Clacket*, to truſt with ſo great a ſecret as his flight with me; he a Heathen!

Mrs. *Clack.* Aye, and a poor Heathen too, Madam. 'Slife, if you muſt marry a man to buy him Breeches, marry an honeſt man, a religious man, a man that bears a Conſcience, and will do a woman ſome Reaſon.—Why here's Mr. *Fopington*, Madam; here's a Shape, here's a Face, a Back as ſtraight as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

Charl. How! buy him Breeches! Has *Wilding* then no Fortune?

Fop. Yes, Faith, Madam, pretty well; ſo, ſo, as the Dice run: and now and then he lights upon a Squire, or ſo, and between fair and foul Play, he makes a ſhift to pick a pretty Livelihood up.

Charl. How! does his Uncle allow him no preſent Maintenance?

Fop. No, nor future Hopes neither: Therefore, Madam, I hope you will ſee the difference between him and a man of Parts, that adores you. [*Smiling and bowing.*

Charl. If I find all this true you tell me, I ſhall know how to value my ſelf and thoſe that love me.
—This may be yet a Raſcal.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Miſtriſs, Mr. *Wilding*'s below. [*Exit.*

Fop. Below! Oh, Heavens, Madam, do not expoſe me to his lewd fury, for being too zealous in your ſervice. [*In great diſorder.*

Charl. I will not let him know you told any thing, Sir.

Fop. Death! to be seen here, would expose my Life. [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* Here, here, step out upon the Sair-case, and slip into my Chamber. *Going out, returns in fright.*

Fop. 'Owns, he's here! lock the door fast; let him not enter.

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, Heavens, I have not the Key! hold it, hold it fast, sweet, sweet Mr. *Foping* Oh, should there be Murder done, what a scandal wou'd that be to the house of a true Protestant! [*Knocks.*

Charl. Heavens! what will he say and think, to see me shut in with a man?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, I'll say you're sick, asleep, or out of humour.

Charl. I'd give the world to see him. [*Knocks.*

Wild. [Without.] *Charlot, Charlot!* Am I deny'd an entrance? By Heaven, I'll break the door. [*Knocks again*; Fop. *still holding it.*

Fop. Oh, I'm a dead man, dear *Clacket!* [*Knocking still.*

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, hold, Sir, Mrs. *Charlot* is very sick.

Wild. How, sick, and I kept from her!

Mrs. *Clack.* She begs you'll come again an hour hence.

Wild. Delay'd, by Heaven I will have enterance.

Fop. Ruin'd! undone! for if he do not kill me, he may starve me.

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, he will break in upon us! Hold, Sir, hold a little; Mrs. *Charlot* is just—just—shifting her self, Sir: you will not be so uncivil as to press in, I hope, at such a time.

Charl. I have a fine time on't between ye, to have him think I am stripping my self before Mr. *Fopington*.----Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all.

Wild. *breaks open the door and rushes in:* Fop. *stands close up at the enterance till he is past him, then venturing to slip out, finds* Wild. *has made fast the door; so he is forc'd to return again and stand close up behind* Wild. *with signs of fear.*

Wild. How now, *Charlot*, what means this new unkindness? What, not a word?

Charl. There is so little Musick in my Voice, you do not care to hear it; you have been better entertain'd, I find, mightily employ'd, no doubt.

Wild. Yes Faith, and so I have, *Charlot*: Damn'd Business, that Enemy to Love, has made me rude.

Charl. Or that other Enemy to Love, damn'd Wenching.

Wild. Wenching! how ill hast thou tim'd thy Jealousie!

What Banker, that to morrow is to pay a mighty sum, wou'd venture out his stock to day in little parcels, and lose his Credit by it?

Charl. You wou'd, perfidious as you are, though all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit. [*Angry.*

Wild. So: Heark ye, Mrs. *Clacket*, you have been prating I find in my absence, giving me a handsome character to *Charlot*. ---You hate any good thing should go by your own Nose. [*Aside, to* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* By my Nose, Mr. *Wilding!* I defie you: I'd have you to know, I scorn any good thing shou'd go by my Nose in an uncivil way.

Wild. I believe so.

Mrs. *Clack.* Have I been the Confident to all your secrets this three years, in sickness and in health, for richer, for poorer; concealed the nature of your wicked Diseases, under the honest name of Surfeits; call'd your filthy Surgeons, Mr. Doctor, to

to keep up your Reputation; civily receiv'd your tother-end-of-the-Town young Relations at all hours; ---

Wild. High!

Mrs. *Clack.* Been up with you and down with you early and late, by night and by day; let you in at all hours, drunk and sober, single and double; and civilly withdrawn, and modestly shut the door after me?

Wild. Whim! The storm's up, and the Devil cannot lay it.

Mrs. *Clack.* And am I thus rewarded for my pain! [*Weeps.*

Wild. So Tempests are allay'd by showers of Rain.

Mrs. *Clack.* That I shou'd be charg'd with speaking ill of you, so honest, so civil a Gentleman---

Charl. No, I have better witness of your falshood.

Fop. Hah, 'sdeath, she'll name me!

Wild. What mean you, my *Charlot?*
Do you not think I love you?

Charl. Go ask my Lady *Galliard*, she keeps the best account of all your Sighs and Vows,
And robs me of my dearest softer hours. [*Kindly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* You cannot hold from being kind to him. [*Aside.*

Wild. Galliard! How came she by that secret of my life? [*aside.*] Why Aye, 'tis true, I am there sometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

Charl. Aye, that Uncle too---
You swore to me you were your Uncles Heir;
But you perhaps may chance to get him one,
If the Lady prove not cruel.

Wild. Death and the Devil, what Rascal has been prating to her! [*Aside.*

Charl. Whilst I am reserv'd for a dead lift, if Fortune prove unkind, or wicked Uncles refractory,
Yet I cou'd love you, though you were a Slave, [*In a soft tone to him.*
And I were Queen of all the Universe.

Mrs. *Clack.* Aye, there you spoil'd all again---you forget your self.

Charl. And all the world, when he looks kindly on me.
But I'll take courage, and be very angry. [*Aside.*
Nor does your Perjuries rest here; you're equally as false to *Galliard*, as to me; false for a little Mistriss of the Town, whom you've set up in spight to Quality. [*Angry.*

Mrs. *Clack.* So, that was home and handsome.

Wild. What damn'd Informer does she keep in Pension?

Charl. And can you think my Fortune and my Youth
Merits no better Treatment? [*Angry.*
How cou'd you have the heart to use me so? [*Soft to him.*
I fall insensibly to Love and Fondness. [*Aside.*

Wild. Ah, my dear *Charlot!* you who know my heart, can you believe me false?

Charl. In every Syllable, in every Look:
Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit;
You said you lov'd me, where was then your truth?

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Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit;
You said you lov'd me, where was then your truth?

You

You ſwore you were to be your Uncle's Heir;
Where was your confidence of me the while,
To think my Generoſity ſo ſcanted,
To love you for your Fortune?
---How every look betrays my yielding heart! [*Aſide.*
No, ſince men are grown ſo cunning in their
Trade of Love, the neceſſary Vice I'll practice too,
And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.
Make it appear you are your Uncles Heir,
I'll marry ye to morrow.
Of all thy Cheats, that was the moſt unkind,
Becauſe you thought to conquer by that Lye.
---To night I'll be reſolv'd.

Wild. Hum! to night!

Charl. To night, or I will think you love me for my Fortune; which if you find elſewhere to more advantage,
I may unpitied die---and I ſhould die,
If you ſhould prove untrue. [*Tenderly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* There you've daſht all again.

Wild. I am reſolv'd to keep my credit with her; ---Here's my hand:
This night, *Charlot*, I'll let you ſee the Writings.
---But how, a Pox of him that knows for *Thomas*. [*Aſide.*

Charl. Hah, that Hand without the Ring!
Nay, never ſtudy for a handſome Lye.

Wild. Ring! Oh, aye, I left it in my Dreſſing-room this morning.

Charl. See how thou haſt inur'd thy Tongue to Falſhood!
Did you not ſend it to a certain Creature
They call *Diana*,
From off that hand that plighted Faith to me?

Wild. By Heaven, 'tis Witchcraft all,
Unleſs this Villain *Fopington* betray me.
Thoſe ſort of Raſcals will do any thing
For ready Meat and Wine.---I'll kill the Fool---Hah, here!

Fop. Here, Lord! Lord! [*Turns quick and ſees him behind him.*
Where were thy Eyes, dear *Wilding?*

Wild. Where they have ſpy'd a Raſcal.
Where was this Property conceal'd?

Fop. Conceal'd! What doſt thou mean, dear *Tom?* Why I ſtood as plain as the Noſe on thy Face, mun.

Wild. But 'tis the ungrateful quality of all your ſort, to make ſuch baſe returns.
How got this Rogue admittance, and when in,
The Impudence to tell his treacherous Lyes?

Fop. Admittance! Why thou'rt ſtark mad: Did not I come in with you, that is, followed you?

Wild. Whither?

Fop. Why into the houſe, up ſtairs, ſtood behind you when you ſwore you wou'd come in, and followed you in.

Wild.

Wild. All this, and I not ſee!

Fop. Oh, Love's blind; but this Lady ſaw me, Mrs. *Clacket* ſaw me.—Admittanee quotha!

Wild. Why did you not ſpeak?

Fop. Speak! I was ſo amaz'd at what I heard, the villanous Scandals laid on you by ſome pick-thank Rogue or other, I had no power.

Wild. Aye, thou knowſt how I am wrong'd.

Fop. Oh, moſt damnably, Sir!

Wild. Abuſe me to my Miſtriſs too!

Fop. Oh, Villains! Dogs!

Charl. Do you think they've wrong'd him, Sir? for I'll believe you.

Fop. Do I think, Madam? Aye, I think him a Son of a Whore that ſaid it; and I'll cut's Throat.

Mrs. *Clack.* Well, this Impudence is a heavenly Vertue!

Wild. You ſee now, Madam, how Innocence may ſuffer.

Charl. In ſpight of all thy villanous diſſembling,
I muſt believe, and love thee for my quiet.

Wild. That's kind; and if before to morrow I do not ſhew you I deſerve your Heart, kill me at once by quitting me.—Farewel.—[*goes out with* Fop.] I know both where my Uncle's Will and other Writings lie, by which he made me Heir to his whole Eſtate.

My craft will be in catching; which if paſt,
Her Love ſecures me the kind Wench at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Clack.* What if he ſhou'd not chance to keep his word now?

Charl. How if he ſhou'd not? by all that's good, if he ſhou'd not, I am reſolv'd to marry him however. We two may make a pretty ſhift with three thouſand pound a year; yet I would fain be reſolv'd how affairs ſtand between the old Gentleman and him. I wou'd give the world to ſee that Widow too, that Lady *Galliard.*

Mrs. *Clack.* If you're bent upon't, I'll tell you what we'll do, Madam: There's every day mighty Feaſting here at his Uncles hard by, and you ſhall diſguiſe your ſelf as well as you can, and go for a Niece of mine I have coming out of *Scotland*: there you will not fail of ſeeing my Lady *Galliard*, though I doubt, not Mr. *Wilding*, who is of late diſcarded.

Charl. Enough; I am reſolv'd upon this deſigne: Let's in and and practiſe the Northern Dialect. *Exit, both.*

SCENE the Second. *The Street.*

Enter Wilding *and* Fopington.

Wild. But then *Diana* took the Ring at laſt?

Fop. Greedily; but rail'd, and ſwore, and ranted at your late unkindneſs, and ou'd not be appeas'd.

Enter

Enter Dreſſwell.

Wild. Dreſſwell, I was juſt going to ſee for thee.

Dreſſ. I'm glad, dear *Tom*, I'm here to ſerve thee.

Wild. And now I've found thee, thou muſt along with me.

Dreſſ. Whither? But I'll not ask, but obey.

Wild. To a kind Sinner, *Frank*.

Dreſſ. Pox on 'em all: prithee turn out thoſe petty Tyrants of thy Heart, and fit it for a Monarch, Love, dear *Widling*, of which thou never knewſt the pleaſure yet, or not above a day.

Wild. Not knew the pleaſure! Death, the very Eſſence, the firſt draughts of Love: Ah, how pleaſant 'tis to drink when a man's adry! The reſt is all but dully lipping on.

Dreſſ. And yet this *Diana*, for thither thou art going, thou haſt been conſtant to this three or four years.

Wild. A conſtant Keeper thou meanſt; which is indeed enough to get the ſcandal of a Coxcomb: But I know not, thoſe ſort of Baggages have a kind of Faſcination ſo inticing---and Faith, after the Fatigues of Formal Viſits to a mans dull Relations, or what's as bad, to women of Quality; after the buſie Afflictions of the Day, and the Debauches of the tedious Night, I tell thee, *Frank*, a man's beſt Retirement is with a ſoft kind Wench. But to ſay truth, I have a farther deſigne in my Viſit now. Thou knowſt how I ſtand paſt hope of Grace, excommunicated the Kindneſs of my Uncle.

Dreſſ. True.

Wild. My lewd Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an reconcilable Quarrel; ſo that I having many and hopeful Intrigues now depending, eſpecially theſe of my charming Widow, and my City-Heireſs, which can by no means be carri'd on without that damn'd Neceſſary call'd Ready Money, I have ſtretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. Now Liveries, Coaches, and Cloaths muſt be had, they muſt, my Friend.

Dreſſ. Why doſt thou not in this Extremity clap up a Match with my Lady *Galliard*? or this young Heireſs you ſpeak of?

Wild. But Marriage, *Frank*, is ſuch a Bug-bear! And this old Uncle of mine may one day be gathered together, and ſleep with his Fathers, and then I ſhall have ſix thouſand pound a year, and the wide World before me; and who the Devil cou'd reliſh theſe Bleſſings with the clog of a Wife behind him? ---But till then, Money muſt be had, I ſay.

Fop. Aye, but how, Sir?

Wild. Why, from the old Fountain, *Jack*, my Uncle; he has himſelf decreed it: he tells me I muſt live upon my Wits, and will, *Frank*.

Fop. Gad, I'm impatient to know how.

Wild. I believe thee, for thou art out at Elboes: and when I thrive, you ſhow i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes, and Coffee-houſes. Thy Breeches give a better account of my Fortune, than *Lilly* with all his Schemes and Stars.

Fop. I own I thrive by your Influence, Sir.

Dreſſ. Well; but to your Project, Friend: to which I'll ſet a helping Hand, a Heart, a Sword, and Fortune.

Wild.

Wild. You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to *Diana* then, and there I'll tell thee all. [*Going out, they meet* Diana, *who enters with her Maid* Betty, *and Boy; looks angrily.*

---*Diana*, I was just going to thy Lodgings!

Dian. Oh las, you are too much taken up with your rich City-Heiresses.

Wild. That's no cause of quarrel between you and I, *Diana*; you were wont to be as impatient for my marrying, as I for the death of my Uncle: for your rich Wife ever obliges her Husbands Mistriss; and women of your sort, *Diana*, ever thrive better by Adultery than Fornication.

Dian. Do, try to appease the easie Fool with these fine Expectations: --- No, I have been too often flatter'd with the hopes of your marrying a rich Wife, and then I was to have a Settlement; but instead of that, things go backward with me, my Coach is vanisht, my Servants dwindled into one necessary Woman and a Boy, which to save Charges, is too small for any service; my twenty Guinnies a week, into forty Shillings: a hopeful Reformation!

Wild. Patience, *Diana*, things will mend in time.

Dian. When, I wonder? Summer's come, yet I am still in my embroider'd Manto, when I'm dreft, lin'd with Velvet; 'twou'd give one a Feavor but to look at me: yet still I am flamm'd off with hopes of a rich Wife, whose Fortune I am to lavish. ---But I see you have neither Conscience nor Religion in you; I wonder what a Devil will become of your Soul for thus deluding me! [*Weeps.*

Wild. By Heaven, I love thee!

Dian. Love me! what if you do? how far will that go at the Exchange for Poynt? Will the Mercer take it for currant Coin? ---But 'tis no matter, I must love a Wit, with a Pox, when I might have had so many Fools of Fortune: But the Devil take me, if you deceive me any longer. [*Weeping.*

Wild. You'll keep your word, no doubt, now you have sworn.

Dian. So I will. I never go abroad, but I gain new Conquest. Happy's the man that can approach neerest the side-box where I sit at a Play, to look at me; but if I daign to smile on him, Lord, how the o're-joy'd Creature returns it with a bow low as the very Benches! Then rising, shakes his Ears, looks round, with pride, to see who took notice how much he was in favour with charming Mrs. *Dy.*

Wild. No more: Come, let's be Friends, *Diana*; for you and I must manage an Uncle of mine.

Dian. Damn your Projects, I'll have none of 'em.

Wild. Here, here's the best Softner of a womans heart; 'tis Gold, two hundred Pieces: Go, lay it on, till you shame Quality, into plain Silk and Fringe.

Dian. Lord, you have the strangest power of Perswasion! ---Nay, if you buy my Peace, I can afford a penyworth.

Wild. So thou canst of any thing about thee.

Dian. Well, your Project, my dear *Tommy?*

Wild. Thus then---Thou, dear *Frank*, shalt to my Uncle, tell him that Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, as he knows, being dead, and having left, as he knows too, one onely Daughter his whole Executrix, Mrs. *Charlot*, I have by my civil and modest behaviour, so won upon her heart, that two nights since she left her Fathers Country-house at *Lusum* in *Kent*, in spight of all her strict Guards, and run away with me.

Dreſſ. How, wilt thou tell him of it then?

Wild. Hear me---That I have hitherto ſecured her at a Friends houſe here in the City; but diligent ſearch being now made, dare truſt her there no longer. And make it my humble Requeſt by you, my Friend, (who are onely privy to this ſecret) that he wou'd give me leave to bring her home to his houſe; whoſe very Authority will defend her from being fought for there.

Dreſſ. Aye, Sir, but what will come of this, I ſay?

Wild. Why a Settlement: You know he has already made me Heir to all he has, after his deceaſe; but for being a wicked Tory, as he calls me, he has, after the Writings were made, ſign'd, and ſeal'd, refus'd to give 'em in truſt. Now when he ſees I have made my ſelf Maſter of ſo vaſt a Fortune, he will immediately ſurrender; that reconciles all again.

Dreſſ. Very likely; but wo't thou truſt him with the woman, *Thomas?*

Wild. No; here's *Diana*, who as I ſhall bedizen, ſhall paſs for as ſubſtantial an Aldermans Heireſs, as ever fell into wicked hands. He never knew the right *Charlot*, nor indeed has any body ever ſeen her, but an old Aunt and Nurſe, ſhe was ſo kept up:--- And there, *Diana*, thou ſhalt have a good opportunity to lye, diſſemble, and jilt in abundance, to keep thy hand in ure.

Prithee, dear *Dreſſwell*, haſte with the News to him.

Dreſſ. Faith, I like this well enough; this Project may take, and I'll about it.

[*Goes out.*

Wild. Go, get ye home, and trick and betawder your ſelf up like a right City-Lady, rich, but ill-faſhion'd; on with all your Jewels, but not a Patch, ye Gipſie, nor no Spaniſh Paint, d'ye hear.

Dian. I'll warrant you for my part.

Wild. Then before the old Gentleman, you muſt behave your ſelf very ſoberly, ſimple, and demure, and look as prew as at a Conventicle; and take heed you drink not off your Glaſs at Table, nor rant, nor ſwear; one Oath confounds our Plot, and betrays thee to be an errant Drab.

Dian. Doubt not my Art of Diſſimulation.

Wild. Go, haſte and dreſs--- [*Exit* Dian. Bet. *and Boy.*

Enter L. Gall. *and* Cloſet *above in the Balconey*; Wild. *going out, ſees them, ſtops, and reads a Paper.*

Wild. Hah, who's yonder, the Widow! a Pox upon't, now have not I power to ſtir: ſhe has a damn'd hank upon my Heart, and nothing but right down lying with her, will diſſolve the Charm. She has forbid me ſeeing her, and therefore I am ſure will the ſooner take notice of me. [*Reads.*

Cloſ. What will you put on to night, Madam? you know you are to ſup at Sir *Timothy Treat-all's.*

L. Gall. Time enough for that; prithee let's take a turn in this Balconey, this City-garden, where we walk to take the freſh Air of the Sea-coal-ſmoak. Did the Footman go back, as I order'd him, to ſee how *Wilding* and Sir *Charles* parted?

Cloſ. He did, Madam; and nothing cou'd provoke Sir *Charles* to fight after your Ladyſhips ſtrict Commands. Well, I'll ſwear he's the ſweeteſt natur'd Gentleman---has all the advantages of Nature and Fortune: I wonder what Exception your Ladyſhip has to him!

L. Gall.

L. *Gall.* Some ſmall Exception to his whining humour; but I think my chiefeſt diſlike is, becauſe my Relations wiſh it a Match between us.
It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is not that *Wilding* yonder? he's reading of a Letter ſure.

Wild. So, ſhe ſees me. Now for an Art to make her lure me up: for though I have a greater mind than ſhe, it ſhall be all her own; the Match ſhe told me of this morning with my Uncle, ſticks plaguily upon my ſtomach; I muſt break the neck on't, or break the Widows heart, that's certain. If I advance towards the door now, ſhe frowningly retires; if I paſs on, 'tis likely ſhe may call me. [*Advances.*

L. *Gall.* I think he's paſſing on,
Without ſo much as looking towards the window.

Cloſ. He's glad of the excuſe of being forbidden.

L. *Call.* But, *Cloſet*, knoweſt thou not he has abus'd my fame,
And does he think to paſs thus unupbraided?
Is there no Art to make him look this way?
No trick?---Prithee faign to laugh. [Cloſ. *laughs.*

Wild. So, I ſhall not anſwer to that Call.

L. *Gall.* He's going! Ah, *Cloſet*, my Fan!--- [*Lets fall her Fan juſt as he paſſes by; he takes it up, and looks up.*] Cry mercy, Sir, I'm ſorry I muſt trouble you to bring it.

Wild. Faith, ſo am I; and you may ſpare my pains, and ſend your Woman for't, I am in haſte.

L. *Gall.* Then the quickeſt way will be to bring it.

Goes out of the Belconey with Cloſet.

Wild. I knew I ſhould be drawn in one way or other.

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter L. Gall. Cloſet *to them*; Wilding *delivers the Fan, and is retiring.*

L. *Gall.* Stay; I hear you're wonderous free of your Tongue, when 'tis let looſe on me.

Wild. Who I, Widow? I think of no ſuch trifles.

L. *Gall.* Such Railers never think when they're abuſive; but ſomething you have ſaid, a Lye ſo infamous!

Wild. A Lye, and infamous of you! impoſſible!
What was it that I call'd you, Wiſe, or Honeſt?

L. *Gall.* How, can you accuſe me for the want of either?

Wild. Yes, of both: Had you a grain of Honeſty, or intended ever to be thought ſo, wou'd you have the impudence to marry an old Coxcomb, a Fellow that will not ſo much as ſerve you for a Cloak, he is ſo viſibly and undeniably impotent?

L. *Gall.* Your Uncle you mean.

Wild. I do; who has not known the joy of Fornication this thirty year, and now the Devil and you have put it into his head to marry, forſooth. Oh the Felicity of the Wedding-night!

L. *Gall.* Which you, with all your railing Rhetorick, ſhall not have power to hinder.

Wild. Not if you can help it: for I perceive you are reſolv'd to be a lewd incorrigible ſinner, and marryeſt this ſeditious doting fool my Uncle, onely to hang him out for the ſigne of the Cuckold, to give notice where Beauty is to be purchas'd, for fear otherwiſe we ſhould miſtake, and think thee honeſt.

L. *Gall.* So much for my want of Honeſty; my Wit is the Part of the Text you are to handle next.

Wild. Let the World judge of that, by this one action: This Marriage undiſputably robs you both of your Reputation and Pleaſure. Marry an old Fool, becauſe he's rich! when ſo many handſome proper younger Brothers wou'd be glad of you!

L. *Gall.* Of which hopeful number your ſelf are one.

Wild. Who, I! Bear witneſs, *Cloſet*; take notice I'm upon my Marriage, Widow, and ſuch a Scandal on my Reputation might ruine me: therefore have a care what you ſay.

L. *Gall.* Ha, ha, ha, Marriage! Yes, I hear you give it out, you are to be married to me: for which Defamation, if I be not reveng'd, hang me.

Wild. Yes, you are reveng'd: I had the fame of vanquiſhing where-e're I laid my Siege, till I knew thee, hard-hearted thee; had the honeſt Reputation of lying with the Magiſtrates Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the neceſſary Affairs of the Nation, ſeditiouſly petitioning; and then I was eſteemed; but now they look on me as a monſterous thing, that makes honourable Love to you; Oh hideous, a Husband-Lover! So that now I may proteſt, and ſwear, and lye my heart out, I find neither Credit nor Kindneſs; but when I beg for either, my Lady *Galliard*'s thrown in my Diſh: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, Who would think it of gay, of fine Mr. *Wilding!* Thus the City She-wits are let looſe upon me, and all for you, ſweet Widow; but I am reſolved I will redeem my Reputation again, if never ſeeing you nor writing to you more, will do it: And ſo farewel, faithleſs and ſcandalous honeſt woman.

L. *Gall.* Stay, Tyrant.

Wild. I am engag'd.

L. *Gall.* You are not.

Wild. I am, and am reſolv'd to loſe no more time on a peeviſh woman, who values her Honour above her Lover. [*He goes out.*

L. *Gall.* Go; this is the nobleſt way of loſing thee.

Cloſ. Muſt not I call him back?

L. *Gall.* No: If any honeſt Lover come, admit him; I will forget this Devil. Fetch me ſome Jewels; the company to night at Sir *Timothy*'s may divert me.

[*She ſits down before her Glaſs.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, one Sir *Anthony Meriwill* wou'd ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.

L. *Gall.* Admit him; ſure 'tis Sir *Charles* his Uncle: if he come to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in the critical minute. Wou'd he but leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in revenge.

Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill *and Sir* Charles.

Sir Anth. So, I have tutor'd the young Rogue, I hope he'll learn in time. Good day to your Ladyſhip; *Charles* [*putting him forward*] my Nephew here, Madam---

Sirrah---

Sirrah --- notwithſtanding your Ladyſhips Commands --- Look how he ſtands now, being a mad young Raskal! --- Gad, he wou'd wait on your Ladyſhip --- A Devil on him, ſee if he'll budge now---For he's a briſk Lover, Madam, when he once begins. A Pox on him, he'll ſpoil all yet.

L. *Gall.* Pleaſe you ſit, Sir.

Sir Char. Madam, I beg your Pardon for my Rudeneſs.

L. *Gall.* Still whining?--- [*Dreſſing her ſelf careleſly.*

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah? Oh damn it, beg Pardon! The Rogue's quite out of 's part.

Sir Char. Madam, I fear my Viſit is unſeaſonable.

Sir Anth. Unſeaſonable! Damn'd Rogue, unſeaſonable to a Widow! --- Quite out.

L. *Gall.* There are indeed ſome Ladies that wou'd be angry at an untimely Viſit, before they've put on their beſt Faces; but I am none of thoſe that wou'd be fair in ſpight of Nature, Sir.---Put on this Jewel here. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Char. That Beauty needs no Ornament, Heaven has been too bountiful.

Sir Anth. Heaven! Oh Lord, Heaven! a Puritanical Rogue, he courts her like her Chaplain. [*Aſide vext.*

L. *Gall.* You are ſtill ſo full of Univerſity-Complements---

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah? --- Aye ſo he is, ſo he is indeed, Madam. ---To her like a man, ye Knave. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir Char. Ah, Madam, I am come!

Sir Anth. To ſhew your ſelf a Coxcomb.

L. *Gall.* To tire me with diſcourſes of your Paſſion.---Fie, how this Curl ſits! *Looking in the Glaſs.*

Sir Char. No, you ſhall hear no more of that ungrateful ſubject.

Sir Anth. Son of a Whore, hear no more of Love, damn'd Rogue! Madam, by *George* he lyes; he does come to ſpeak of Love, and make Love, and to do Love, and all for Love. ----Not come to ſpeak of Love, with a Pox! 'Owns, Sir, behave your ſelf like a man; be impudent, be ſawcy, forward, bold, towzing, and lewd, d'ye hear, or I'll beat thee before her. Why what a Pox! [*Aſide to him, he minds it not.*

Sir Char. Finding my hopes quite loſt in your unequal Favours to young *Wilding*, I'm quitting of the Town.

L. *Gall.* You will do well to do ſo.---Lay by that Necklace; I'll wear Pearl to day. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Anth. Confounded Blockhead! --- By *George*, he lyes again, Madam. A Dog, I'll diſ-inherit him. [*aſide.*] He quit the Town, Madam! no, not whilſt your Ladyſhip is in it, to my knowledge. He'll live in the Town, nay, in the Street where you live; nay, in the Houſe; nay, in the very Bed, by *George*; I've heard him a thouſand times ſwear it. Swear it now, Sirrah: Look, look, how he ſtands now! Why dear *Charles*, good Boy, ſwear a little, ruffle her, and ſwear Damn it, ſhe ſhall have none but thee. [*aſide to him.*] Why you little think, Madam, that this Nephew of mine is one of the maddeſt Fellows in all *Devonſhire*.

L. *Gall.* Wou'd I cou'd ſee't, Sir.

Sir Anth. See't! look ye there, ye Rogue.--- Why 'tis all his fault, Madam. He's ſeldom ſober; then he has a dozen Wenches in pay, that he may with the more Authority

thority break their windows. There's never a Maid within forty miles of *Meriwill*-hall to work a Miracle on, but all are Mothers. He's a hopeful Youth, I'll ſay that for him.

Sir Char. How I have lov'd you, my deſpairs ſhall witneſs: for I will die to purchaſe your content. [*She riſes.*

Sir Anth. Die, a damn'd Rogue! Aye, aye, I'll diſ-inherit him: A Dog, die, with a Pox! No, he'll be hang'd firſt, Madam.

Sir Char. And ſure you'll pity me when I am dead.

Sir Anth. A Curſe on him; pity, with a Pox! I'll give him ne'er a Souſe.

L. *Gall.* Give me that Eſſence-bottle. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Char. But for a recompence of all my ſufferings---

L. *Gall.* Sprinkle my Handkercher with Tuberuſe. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Char. I beg a Favour you'd afford a ſtranger.

L. *Gall.* Sooner perhaps. What Jewel's that? [*To* Cloſ.

Cloſ. One Sir *Charles Meriwill*---

L. *Gall.* Sent, and you receiv'd without my order!
No wonder that he looks ſo ſcurvily.
Give him the Trifle back to mend his humour.

Sir Anth. I thank you, Madam, for that repromand. Look in that Glaſs, Sir, and admire that ſneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: A Pox on him, he's paſt Grace, loſt, gone, not a Souſe, not a Groat; good buy to you, Sir. Madam, I beg your Pardon; the next time I come a wooing, it ſhall be for my ſelf, Madam, and I have ſomething that will juſtifie it too; but as for this fellow, if your Ladyſhip have e'er a ſmall Page at leiſure, I deſire he may have order to kick him down ſtairs. A damn'd Rogue, to be civil now, when he ſhou'd have behav'd himſelf handſomely! Not an Acre, not a Shilling, ---buy, Sir Softhead. [*going out, meets* Wild. *and returns.*] Hah, who have we here, hum, the fine mad Fellow? So, ſo, he'll ſwindge him I hope; I'll ſtay to have the pleaſure of ſeeing it done.

Enter Wilding, *bruſhes by Sir* Charles.

Wild. I was ſure 'twas *Meriwill*'s Coach at door. [*Aſide.*

Sir Char. Hah, *Wilding!*

Sir Anth. Aye, now Sir, here's one will waken ye, Sir. [*To Sir* Char.

Wild. How now, Widow, you are always giving Audience to Lovers, I ſee.

Sir Char. You're very free, Sir.

Wild. I'm always ſo in the Widows Lodgings, Sir.

Sir Anth. A rare Fellow!

Sir Char. You will not do't elſewhere?

Wild. Not with ſo much Authority.

Sir Anth. An admirable Fellow! I muſt be acquainted with him.

Sir Char. Is this the Reſpect you pay women of her Quality?

Wild. The Widow knows I ſtand not much on Ceremonies.

Sir Anth. Gad, he ſhall be my Heir. [*Aſide ſtill.*

L. *Gall.* Pardon him, Sir, this is his *Cambridge*-breeding.

Sir Anth. Aye ſo 'tis, ſo 'tis; that two years there quite ſpoil'd him.

L. *Gall.* Sir, if you've any farther buſineſs with me, ſpeak it; if not, I'm going forth.

Sir

Sir Char. Madam, in short—

Sir Anth. In short to a Widow, in short! quite lost.

Sir Char. I find you treat me ill for my Respect;
And when I court you next,
I will forget how very much I love you.

Sir Anth. Sir, I shall be proud of your farther acquaintance; for I like, love, and honour you. [To Wild.

Wild. I'll study to deserve it, Sir.

Sir Anth. Madam, your Servant. A damn'd sneaking Dog to be civil and modest, with a Pox! [*Exit Sir* Char. *and Sir* Anth.

L. *Gall.* See if my Coach be ready. [*Exit* Clos.

Wild. Whither are you janting now?

L. *Gall.* Where you dare not wait on me; to your Uncles to Supper.

Wild. That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party;
There they all meet and bargain without scandal:
Fops of all sorts and sizes you may chuse.
Whig-land affords not such another Market.

Enter Closet.

Clos. Madam, here's Sir *Timothy Treat-all* come to wait on your Ladyship to Supper.

Wild. My Uncle! Oh, damn him, he was born to be my Plague: Not dis-inheriting me had been so great a disappointment; and if he sees me here, I ruine all the Plots I've laid for him. Ha, he's here!

Enter Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. How, my Nephew *Thomas* here!

Wild. Madam, I find you can be cruel too,
Knowing my Uncle has abandon'd me.

Sir Tim. How now, Sir, what's your business here?

Wild. I came to beg a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*, Sir, knowing her Power and Quality here in the City.

Sir Tim. How, a Favour of my Lady *Galliard!* The Rogue said indeed he wou'd Cuckold me. [*aside.*] Why, Sir, I thought you had been taken up with your rich Heiress?

Wild. That was my business now, Sir: Having in my possession the Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, I would have made use of the Authority of my Lady *Galliard*'s house to have secur'd her, till I got things in order for our Marriage; but my Lady, to put me off, cryes, I have an Uncle.

L. *Gall.* A well-contriv'd Lye. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Well, I have heard of your good Fortune; and however a Reprobate thou hast been, I'll not shew my self so undutiful an Uncle, as not to give the Gentlewoman a little house-room: I heard indeed she was gone a week ago,
And, Sir, my house is at your service.

Wild. I humbly thank you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. A Pox upon him, and all his Association. [*Goes out.*

Sir Tim. Come, Madam, my Coach waits below. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT the Third.

SCENE the First. *A Room.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all *and* Jervice.

Sir Tim. HEre, take my Sword, *Jervice.* What have you inquir'd as I directed you concerning the rich Heireſs, Sir *Nicholas Gettall*'s Daugher?

Jer. Alas, Sir, inquir'd! why 'tis all the City-News, that ſhe's run away with one of the maddeſt Tories about Town.

Sir Tim. Good Lord! Aye, aye, 'tis ſo; the plaguie Rogue my Nephew has got her. That Heaven ſhou'd drop ſuch Bleſſings in the mouths of the Wicked! Well' *Jervice*, what Company have we in the houſe, *Jervice?*

Jer. Why truely, Sir, a fine deal, conſidering there's no Parliament.

Sir Tim. What Lords have we, *Jervice?*

Jer. Lords, Sir! truly none.

Sir Tim. None! what ne'er a Lord! Some miſhap will befal me, ſome dire miſchance: Ne'er a Lord! ominous, ominous! our Party dwindles dayly. What, nor Earl, nor Marquiſs, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord? Hum, my Wine will lie moſt villanouſly upon my hands to night, *Jervice.* What, have we ſtore of Knights and Gentlemen?

Jer. I know not what Gentlemen there be, Sir; but there are Knights, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.

Sir Tim. Make us thankful for that; our Meat will not lie upon our hands then, *Jervice:* I'll ſay that for our little *Londoners*, they are as tall fellows at a well-charg'd Board as any in *Chriſtendom.*

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Nonconformiſt-Parſons.

Sir Tim. Nay, then we ſhall have a cleer Board: for your true Proteſtant Appetite in a Lay-Elder, does a mans Table credit.

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Country-Juſtices and Grand-Jury-men.

Sir Tim. Well enough, well enough, *Jervice.*

Enter Mrs. Senſure.

Sen. An't like your Worſhip, Mr. *Wilding* is come in with a Lady richly dreſt in Jewels, mask'd, in his hand, and will not be deny'd ſpeaking with your Worſhip.

Sir Tim. Hah, rich in Jewels! this muſt be ſhe. My Sword again, *Jervice.* ---- Bring 'em up, *Senſure.* ---- Prithee how do I look to night, *Jervice?* [*Setting himſelf.*

Jer. Oh, moſt methodically, Sir.

Enter Wild. *and* Diana *and* Betty.

Wild. Sir, I have brought into your kind protection the richeſt Jewel all *London* can afford, fair Mrs. *Charlot Gettall.*

Sir Tim. Bleſs us, ſhe's raviſhing fair! Lady, I had the honour of being intimate with your worthy Father. I think he has been dead----

Dian.

Dian. If he chastize me much on that point, I shall spoil all. Alas, Sir, name him not; for if you do, [*weeping*] I'm sure I cannot answer you one Question. [*Aside.*

Wild. For Heaven sake, Sir, name not her Father to her; the bare remembrance of him kills her. [*Aside to him.*

Sir Tim. Alas, poor Soul! Lady, I beg your Pardon. How soft-hearted she's! I am in love; I find already a tickling kind of I know not what, run frisking through my Veins. [*Aside.*

Betty. Aye, Sir, the good Alderman has been dead this twelvemonth just, and has left his Daughter here, my Mistriss, three thousand pound a year. [*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. Three thousand pound a year! Yes, yes, I am in love. [*Aside.*

Bet. Besides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Sir Tim. I'll marry her out of hand: [*aside.*] Alas, I cou'd even weep too; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now: for 'tis not necessary you shou'd be seen here, d'ye see. [*Pushing him out.*

Wild. You see, Sir, now, what Heaven has done for me; and you have often told me, Sir, when that was kind, you wou'd be so. Those Writings, Sir, by which you were so good to make me Heir to all your Estate, you said you wou'd put into my possession, whene'er I made it appear to you I cou'd live without 'em, or bring you a Wife of Fortune home.

Sir Tim. And I will keep my word; 'tis time enough. [*Putting him out.*

Wild. I have, 'tis true, been wicked; but I shall now turn from my evil ways, establish my self in the religious City, and enter into the Association. There wants but these same Writings, Sir, and your good Character of me.

Sir Tim. Thou sha't have both; all in good time, man: Go, go thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good Character; go.

Wild. Ay, Sir; but the Writings, because I told her, Sir, I was your Heir; nay, forc'd to swear it too, before she wou'd believe me.

Sir Tim. Alas, alas, how shrewdly thou wer't put to't!

Wild. I told her too, you'd buy a Patent for me: for nothing wooes a City-Fortune like the hopes of a Ladyship.

Sir Tim. I'm glad of that; that I can settle on her presently. [*Aside.*

Wild. You may please to hint something to her of my Godly Life and Conversation; that I frequent Conventicles, and am drunk nowhere but at your true Protestant Consults and Clubs, and the like.

Sir Tim, Nay, if these will please her, I have her for certain. [*aside.*] Go, go, fear not my good word.

Wild. But the Writings, Sir.---

Sir Tim. Am I a Jew, a Turk? Thou sha't have any thing, now I find thee a Lad of Parts, and one that can provide so well for thy Uncle. [*Aside.*

Puts him out, and addresses himself to the Lady.

Wild. Wou'd they were hang'd that trust you, that have but the Art of Lejerdemain, and can open the Japan-Cabinet in your Bed-chamber, where I know those Writings are kept. Death, what a disappointment's here! I wou'd a'sworn this Sham had past upon him.---But, Sir, shall I not have the Writings now?

Sir Tim. What not gone yet! for shame, away: Canst thou distrust thy own natural Uncle? Fie, away, *Tom*, away.

Wild. A Plague upon your damn'd Diſſimulation, that never-failing Badge of all your Party, there's always miſchief at the bottom on't; I know ye all; and Fortune be the Word. When next I ſee you, Uncle, it ſhall coſt you dearer. *Exit.*

Enter Jervice.

Jer. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, Supper's almoſt over, and you are askt for.

Sir Tim. They know I never ſup: I ſhall come time enough to bid 'em welcome.

Exit Jer.

Dian. I keep you, Sir, from Supper and better Company.

Sir Tim. Lady, were I a Glutton, I cou'd be ſatisfi'd
With feeding on thoſe two bright ſtarry Eyes.

Dian. You are a Courtier, Sir; we City-maids do ſeldom hear ſuch Language: in which you ſhew your kindneſs to your Nephew, more than your thoughts of what my Beauty merits.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how innocent ſhe is! [*aſide.*] My Nephew, Madam? yes, yes, I cannot chuſe but be wondrous kind upon his ſcore.

Dian. Nay, he has often told me, you were the beſt of Uncles, and he deſerves your goodneſs; ſo hopeful a young Gentleman.

Sir Tim. Wou'd I cou'd ſee't. [*Aſide.*

Dian. So modeſt.

Sir Tim. Yes, ask my Maids. [*Aſide.*

Dian. So civil.

Sir Tim. Yes, to my Neighbours Wives. [*aſide.*] But ſo, Madam, I find by this high Commendations of my Nephew, your Ladyſhip has a very ſlender opinion of your devoted Servant the while; or elſe, Madam, with this not diſagreeable face and ſhape of mine, ſix thouſand pound a year, and other Vertues and Commodities that ſhall be nameleſs, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould not beget an Heir of my own Body, had I the helping hand of a certain victorious perſon in the world, that ſhall be nameleſs. [*Bowing and ſmirking.*

Dian. Meaning me, I am ſure: If I ſhou'd marry him now, and diſappoint my dear Inconſtant with an Heir of his own begetting, 'twou'd be a moſt wicked Revenge for paſt Kindneſſes. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. I know your Ladyſhip is ſtudying now who this victorious perſon ſhou'd be, whom I dare not name; but let it ſuffice ſhe is, Madam, within a mile of an Oak.

Dian. No, Sir, I was conſidering, if what you ſay be true,
How unadviſedly I have lov'd your Nephew,
Who ſwore to me he was to be your Heir.

Sir Tim. My Heir, Madam! am I ſo viſibly old to be ſo deſperate?
No, I'm in my years of deſires and diſcretion,
And I have thoughts, durſt I but utter 'em;
But modeſtly ſay, Mum---

Dian. I took him for the hopefulleſt Gentleman---

Sir Tim. Let him hope on, ſo will I; and yet, Madam, in conſideration of your love to him, and becauſe he is my Nephew, young, handſome, witty, and ſoforth, I am content to be ſo much a Parent to him, as, if Heaven pleaſe,---to ſee him fairly hang'd.

Dian.

Dian. How, Sir! [*In a maze.*

Sir Tim. He has deserv'd it, Madam; First, for lampooning the Reverend City, with its noble Government, with the Right Honourable Gown-men; libelling some for Feasting, and some for Fasting, some for Cuckolds, and some for Cuckold-makers; charging us with all the seven deadly sins, the sins, of our Forefathers, adding seven score more to the number; the sins of Forty One reviv'd again in Eighty One, with Additions and Amendments: for which, though the Writings were drawn by which I made him my whole Executor, I will dis-inherit him. Secondly, Madam, he deserves hanging for seducing and most feloniously bearing away a young City-Heiress.

Dian. Undone, undone! Oh with what face can I return again!
What man of Wealth or Reputation, now
Will think me worth the owning! [*Feigns to weep.*

Sir Tim. Yes, yes, Madam, there are honest, discreet, religious and true Protestant Knights in the City, that would be proud to dignifie and distinguish so worthy a Gentlewoman. [*Bowing and smiling.*

Bet. Look to your hits, and take fortune by the forelock, Madam. [*Aside.*
---Alas, Madam, no Knight, and poor too!

Sir Tim. As a Tory-Poet.

Bet. Well, Madam, take comfort; if the worst come to the worst, you have Estate enough for both.

Dian. Aye, *Betty*, were he but honest, *Betty*. [*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. Honest! I think he will not steal; but for his Body, the Lord have mercy upon't, for he has none.

Dian. 'Tis evident I am betray'd, abus'd;
H'as lookt, and sigh'd, and talkt away my Heart;
H'as sworn and vow'd, and flatter'd me to ruine. [*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. A small fault with him; he has flatter'd and sworn me out of many a fair thousand: Why he has no more Conscience than a Polititian, nor no more Truth than a Narrative (under the Rose.)

Dian. Is there no Truth nor Honesty i'th' World?

Sir Tim. Troth, very little, and that lies all i'th' City, amongst us sober Magistrates.

Dian. Were I a man, how wou'd I be reveng'd!

Sir Tim. Your Ladyship might do it better as you are, were I worthy to advise you.

Dian. Name it.

Sir Tim. Why by marrying your Ladyships most assur'd Friend, and most humble Servant, *Timothy Treat-all* of *London*, Alderman. [*Bowing.*

Bet. Aye, this is something, Mistriss; here's Reason!

Dian. But I have given my Faith and Troth to *Wilding*, *Betty*.

Sir Tim. Faith and Troth! We stand upon neither Faith nor Troth in the City, Lady. I have known an Heiress married and bedded, and yet with the advice of the wiser Magistrates, has been unmarried and consummated anew with another, so it stands with our Interest; 'tis Law by *Magna Charta*. Nay, had you married my ungracious Nephew, we might by this our *Magna Charta* have hang'd him for a Rape.

Dian. What, though he had my consent?

Sir Tim. That's nothing, he had not ours.

Dian. Then thou'd I marry you by stealth, the danger wou'd be the same.

Sir Tim. No, no, Madam, we never accuse one another; 'tis the poor Rogues, the Tory Rascals, we always hang. Let 'em accuse me if they please, alas, I come off hand-smooth with *Ignoramus*.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there's such calling for your Worship! They are all very merry, the Glasses go briskly about.

Sir Tim. Go, go, I'll come when all the Healths are past; I love no Healths.

Jer. They are all over, Sir, and the Ladies are for dancing; so they are all adjourning from the Dining-room hither, as more commodious for that Exercise. I think they're coming, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah, coming! Call *Sensure* to wait on the Lady to her Apartment.--- And, Madam, I do most heartily recommend my most humble Address to your most judicious consideration, hoping you will most vigorously, and with all your might, maintain the Rights and Privil dges of the honourable City; and not suffer the force or perswation of any Arbitrary Lover whatsoever, to subvert their Ancient and Fundamental Laws, by seducing and forcibly bearing away so rich and so illustrious a Lady: and, Madam, we will unanimously stand by you with our Lives and Fortunes. ---This I learnt from a Speech at the Election of a Burgess.

Leads her to the door: she goes out with Betty *and* Sensure.

Enter Musick playing, Sir Anthony Meriwill *dancing with a Lady in his hand,* Sir Charles *with Lady* Galliard, *several other women and men.*

Sir *Anth.* [singing.] Philander *was a jolly Swain,*
And lov'd by ev'ry Lass;
Whom when he met upon the Plain,
He laid upon the Grass.

And here he kist, and there he play'd
With this, and then the tother,
Till every wanton smiling Maid
At last became a Mother.

And to her Swain, and to her Swain,
The Nymph begins to yield;
Rest, and breathe, then to't again,
Thou'rt Master of the Field.

Clapping Sir *Char.* on the back.

Sir Char. And if I keep it not, say I'm a Coward, Uncle.

Sir Anth. More Wine there, Boys, I'll keep the Humour up.

[*Enter Bottles and Glasses.*

Sir Tim. How! young *Meriwill* so close to the Widow! ---

Madam---

Madam---- [*Addressing himself to her, Sir* Char. *puts him by.*

Sir Char. Sir *Timothy*, why what a Pox dost thou bring that damn'd Puritanical, Schismatical, Phanatical, Small-beer-face of thine into good Company? Give him a full Glass to the Widow's Health.

Sir Tim. O lack, Sir *Charles*, no Healths for me, I pray.

Sir Char. Hark ye, leave that couzening, canting, sanctin'd Sneer of yours, and drink ye me like a sober loyal Magistrate, all those Healths you are behind, from his sacred Majesty, whom God long preserve, with the rest of the Royal Family, even down to this wicked Widow, whom Heaven soon convert from her lewd designes upon my Body. [*Pulling Sir* Tim. *to kneel.*

Sir Anth. A rare Boy! he shall have all my Estate.

Sir Tim. How, the Widow a lewd design upon his Body! Nay, then I am jealous. [*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* I a lewd design upon your Body! for what, I wonder?

Sir Char. Why, for villanous Matrimony.

L. *Gall.* Who, I!

Sir Char. Who, you? yes, you.
Why are those Eyes dress't in inviting Love?
Those soft bewitching Smiles, those rising Breasts,
And all those Charms that make you so adorable,
Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

Sir Anth. How's that, how's that! *Charles* at his Adorables and Charms! He must have t'other Health, he'll fall to his old Dog-trot again else. Come, come, every man his Glass. Sir *Timothy*, you are six behind. Come, *Charles*, name 'em all. [*Each take a Glass, and force Sir* Tim. *on his knees.*

Sir Char. ---Not bate ye an Ace, Sir: Come, his Majesties Health, and Confusion to his Enemies. [*They go to force his mouth open to drink.*

Sir Tim. Hold, Sir, hold, if I must drink, I must; but this is very Arbitrary, methinks. [*Drinks.*

Sir Anth. And now, Sir, to the Royal Duke of *Albany*. Musick, play a Scotch Jig. [*Musick plays, they drink.*

Sir Tim. This is meer Tyranny.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there is just alighted at the Gate a Person of Quality, as appears by his Train, who give him the Title of a Lord.

Sir Tim. How, a strange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, *Jervice*.---'Ods so, he's here!

Enter Wilding *in disguise*, Dresswell, *and Footmen and Pages.*

Wild. Sir, by your Reverend Aspect, you shou'd be the Renown'd *Mester de Hotell?*

Sir Tim. Mester de Otell! I have not the honour to know any of that name; I am call'd Sir *Timothy Treat-all*. [*Bowing.*

Wild. The same, Sir: I have been bred abroad, and thought all Persons of Quality had spoke French.

Sir Tim. Not City Persons of Quality, my Lord.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir: for 'tis a Nation I hate, as indeed I do all Monarchies.

Sir Tim. Hum! hate Monarchy! Your Lordship is most welcome. [*Bows.*

Wild.

Wild. Unleſs Elective Monarchies, which ſo reſemble a Commonwealth.

Sir Tim. Right, my Lord; where every man may hope to take his turn.—Your Lordſhip is moſt ſingularly welcome. [*Bows low.*

Wild. And though I am a ſtranger to your Perſon, I am not to your Fame, amongſt the ſober Party of the *Amſterdamians*, all the French Hugonots throughout *Geneva*; even to *Hungary* and *Poland*, fames trumpet ſounds your praiſe, making the Pope to tear, the reſt admire you.

Sir Tim. I'm much oblig'd to the Renowned Mobily.

Wild. So you will ſay, when you ſhall hear my Embaſſie. The *Polanders* by me ſalute you, Sir, and have in this next new Election, prickt ye down for their ſucceeding King.

Sir Tim. How, my Lord, prickt me down for a King! Why this is wonderful! Prickt me, unworthy me, down for a King! How cou'd I merit this amazing Glory!

Wild. They know, he that can be ſo great a Patriot to his Native Country, where but a private perſon, what muſt he be when Power is on his ſide?

Sir Tim. Aye, my Lord, my Country, my bleeding Country! there's the ſtop to all my riſing Greatneſs. Shall I be ſo ungrateful to diſappoint this big expecting Nation? defeat the ſober Party, and my Neighbours, for any Poliſh Crown? But yet, my Lord, I will conſider on't: Mean time my Houſe is yours.

Wild. I've brought you, Sir, the meaſure of the Crown: Hah, it fits you to a hair. [*Pulls out a Ribon and meaſures his head.*
You were by Heaven and Nature fram'd that Monarch.

Sir Anth. Hah, at it again! [*Sir* Charles *making ſober love.*] Come, we grow dull, *Charles:* where ſtands the Glaſs? what, balk my Lady *Galliard*'s Health!

They go to drink.

Wild. Hah, *Galliard*—and ſo ſweet on *Meriwill!* [*Aſide.*

L. *Gall.* If it be your buſineſs, Sir, to drink, I'll withdraw.

Sir Char. Gad, and I'll withdraw with you, Widow. Heark ye, Lady *Galliard*, I am damnably afraid you cannot bear your Liquor well, you are ſo forward to leave good Company and a Bottle.

Sir Tim. Well, Gentlemen, ſince I have done what I never do, to oblige you, I hope you'll not refuſe a Health of my Denomination.

Sir Anth. We ſcorn to be ſo uncivil. [*All take Glaſſes.*

Sir Tim. Why then here's a conceal'd Health that ſhall be nameleſs, to his Grace the King of *Poland.*

Sir Char. King of *Poland!* Lord, Lord, how your thoughts ramble!

Sir Tim. Not ſo far as you imagine; I know what I ſay, Sir.

Sir Char. Away with it. [*Drink all.*

Wild. I ſee, Sir, you ſtill keep up that Engliſh Hoſpitality that ſo renowned our Anceſtors in Hiſtory. [*Looking on* L. Gall.

Sir Tim. Aye, my Lord, my noble Gueſts are my Wife and Children.

Wild. Are you not married then? Death, ſhe ſmiles on him! [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. I had a Wife, but, reſt her Soul, ſhe's dead; and I have no Plague left now, but an ungracious Nephew, perverted with Ill Cuſtoms, Tantivie-Opinions, and Court-Notions.

Wild. Cannot your pious Examples convert him?

By

By Heaven, she's fond of him! [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Alas, I have try'd all ways, fair and foul; nay, had settled t'other day my whole Estate upon him, and just as I had sign'd the Writings, our comes me a damn'd Libel call'd, *A Warning to all good Christians against the City-Magistrates*; and I doubt he had a hand in *Absolon and Achitophel*; a Rogue: But some of our sober Party have claw'd him home, i'faith, and given him Rhyme for his Reason.

Wild. Most visibly in love! — Oh, Sir, Nature, Laws, and Religion, plead for so neer a Kinsman.

Sir Tim. Laws and Religion! Alas, my Lord, he deserves not the name of a Patriot, who does not for the Publick Good defie all Laws and Religion.

Wild. Death, I must interrupt 'em! — Sir, pray what Lady's that? [Wild. *salutes her.*

Sir Tim. I beseech your Lordship, know her, 'tis my Lady *Galliard*: the rest are all my Friends and Neighbours, true Protestants all. — Well, my Lord, how do you like my method of doing the Business of the Nation, and carrying on the Cause with Wine, Women, and soforth?

Wild. High feeding and smart Drinking, gains more to the Party, than your smart Preaching.

Sir Tim. Your Lordship has hit it right: A rare man this!

Wild. But come, Sir, leave we serious affairs, and oblige these fair ones.

Addresses himself to Galliard, *Sir* Charles *puts him by.*

Enter Charlot *disguised* Clacket, *and* Fopington.

Charl. Heavens, *Clacket*, yonders my false one, and that my lovely Rival.

Pointing to Wild. *and L.* Gall.

Enter Diana *and* Sensure *masks, and* Betty.

Dian. Dear Mrs. *Sensure*, this Favour has oblig'd me.

Sen. I hope you'll not discover it to his Worship, Madam.

Wild. By her meen, this shou'd be handsome. — [*Goes to* Diana.] Madam, I hope you have not made a Resolution to deny me the honour of your hand.

Dian. Hah, *Wilding!* Love can discover thee through all disguise.

Wild. Hah, *Diana!* Wou'd 'twere Felony to wear a Vizard. Gad, I'd rather meet it on the Kings Highway with Stand and Deliver, than thus encounter it on the Face of an old Mistris; and the Cheat were more excusable. — But how —

Talks aside with her.

Sir Char. Nay, never frown nor chide: for thus do I intend to shew my Authority, till I have made thee onely fit for me.

Wild. Is't so, my precious Uncle! are you so great a Devil in Hypocrisie! Thus had I been serv'd, had I brought him the right woman. [*Aside.*

Dian. But do not think, dear *Tommy*, I wou'd have serv'd thee so; married thy Uncle, and have cozen'd thee of thy Birthright. — But see, we're observ'd!

Charlot *listning behind him all this while.*

Charl. By all that's good, 'tis he! that Voice is his!

He going from Dian. *turns upon* Charlot *and looks.*

Wild. Hah, what pretty Creature's this, that has so much of *Charlot* in her face? But sure she durst not venture: 'tis not her dress nor meen. Dear pretty stranger, I must dance with you.

Charl. Gued deed, and see ye shall, Sir, gen you please. Tho I's not dance, Sir, Is tell ya that noo.

Wild.

Wild. Nor I: ſo we're well matcht. By Heaven, ſhe's wonderous like her.

Charl. By th' Maſs, not ſo kind, Sir: 'Twere gued that ene of us ſhou'd dance to guid the other weel.

Wild. How young, how innocent, and free ſhe is?
And wou'd you, fair one, be guided by me?

Charl. In any thing that gued is.

Wild. I love you extreamly, and wou'd teach you to love.

Charl. Ah, wele aday! [*Sighs and ſmiles.*

Wild. A thing I know you do not underſtand.

Charl. Gued faith, and ya're i'th' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing I's often hear ya gay men talk of.

Wild. Yes, and no doubt have been told thoſe pretty Eyes inſpired it.

Charl. Gued deed, and ſo I have: Ya men make ſa mickle ado aboot ens Eyes, ways me, I's ene tir'd with ſick-like Compliments.

Wild. Ah, if you give us Wounds, we muſt complain.

Charl. Ya may ene keep out a harms way then.

Wild. Oh, we cannot; or if we cou'd, we wou'd not.

Char. Marry and I's have ene a Song tol that tune, Sir.

Wild. Dear Creature, let me beg it.

Char. Gued faith, ya ſhall not, Sir, I's ſing without entreaty.

SONG.

Ah, Jenny, *gen your Eyes do kill,*
You'll let me tell my pain;
Gued faith, I lov'd againſt my will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair face if yours
Betray'd the freedom ence I had,
And ad my bleether bowers.

But noo ways me, like Winter looks,
My gloomy ſhowering Eyne,
And on the banks of ſhaded Brooks,
I paſs my wearied time.
I call the Streem that gleedeth on,
To witneſs if it ſee,
On all the flowry Brink along,
A Swain ſo true as Iee.

Wild. This very Swain am I, ſo true and ſo forlorn, unleſs you pity me. This is an excellently *Charlot* wants, at leaſt I never heard her ſing. [*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. Why *Charles*, where ſtands the woman, *Charles?*

Fop. *comes up to* Charlot.

Wild. I muſt ſpeak to *Galliard*, though all my Fortunes depend on the diſcovery of my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir Anth. Come, come, a cooling Glass about.

Wild. Dear *Dresswell*, entertain *Charles Meriwill* a little, whilst I speak to *Galliard*.

The men go all to the Drinking-table.

By Heaven, I die, I languish for a word!
---Madam, I hope you have not made a Vow
To speak with none but that young Cavalier?
They say, the freedom English Ladies use,
Is as their Beauty, great.

L. *Gall.* Sir, we are none of those of so nice and delicate a Vertue as Conversation can corrupt; we live in a cold Climate.

Wild. And think you're not so apt to be in love,
As where the Sun shines oftner.
But you too much partake of the Inconstancy of this your fickle Climate.

Maliciously to her.

One day all Sun-shine, and th' encourag'd Lover
Decks himself up in glittering Robes of Hope;
And in the midst of all their boasted Finery
Comes a dark Cloud across his Mistris Brow,
Dashes the Fool, and spoils the gawdy show. [*L. Gall. observing him nearly.*

L. *Gall.* Hah, do not I know that railing Tongue of yours?

Wild. 'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then.
I was resolv'd to be to night a Witness
Of that sworn Love you flatter'd me so often with.
By Heaven, I saw you playing with my Rival,
Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.
When is the Assignation? when the Hours?
For he's impatient as the raging Sea,
Loose as the Winds, and amorous as the Sun
That kisses all the Beauties of the Spring.

L. *Gall.* I take him for a soberer person, Sir.

Wild. Have I been the Companion of his Riots
In all the lewd course of our early Youth,
Where like unwearied Bees we gather'd Flowers?
But no kind Blossome cou'd oblige our stay,
We rifled and were gone.

L. *Gall.* Your Vertues I perceive are pretty equal;
Onely his Love's the honester o'th' two.

Wild. Honester! that is, he wou'd owe his good fortune to the Parson of the Parish;
And I wou'd be oblig'd to you alone.
He wou'd have a License to boast he lies with you,
And I wou'd do't with modesty and silence:
For Vertue's but a name kept free from Scandal,
Which the most base of women best preserve,
Since Gilting and Hypocrisie cheat the world best.
---But we both love, and who shall blab the secret? [*In a soft tone.*

L. *Gall.* Oh, why were all the Charms of Speaking given to that false Tongue that makes no better use of 'em?
---I'll hear no more of your inchanting Reasons.

Wild. You must.

L. *Gall.* I will not.

Wild. Indeed you must.

L. *Gall.* By all the Powers above---

Wild. By all the powers of Love, you'll break your Oath, unless you swear this night to let me see you.

L. *Gall.* This night?

Wild. This very night.

L. *Gall.* I'd die first.---At what hour? [*First turns away, then sighs and looks on him.*

Wild. Oh, name it; and if I fail--- [*With joy.*

L. *Gall.* I wou'd not for the World---

Wild. That I shou'd fail!

L. *Gall.* Not name the guilty hour.

Wild. Then I through eager haste shall come too soon,
And do your Honour wrong.

L. *Gall.* My Honour! Oh that word!

Wild. Which the Devil was in me for naming. [*Aside.*
---At Twelve!

L. *Gall.* My Women and my Servants then are up.

Wild. At One, or Two.

L. *Gall.* So late! 'twill be so quickly day!

Wild. Aye, so it will:
That half our business will be left unfinisht.

L. *Gall.* Hah, what do you mean? what business?

Wild. A thousand tender things I have to say,
A thousand Vows of my eternal love;
And now and then we'll kiss and---

L. *Gall.* Be extreamly honest.

Wild. As you can wish.

L. *Gall.* Rather as I command: for shou'd he know my wish, I were undone. *Aside.*

Wild. The Signe.---

L. *Gall.* Oh, press me not; ---yet you may come at midnight under my Chamber-window. [*Sir* Char. *sees 'em so close, comes to 'em.*

Sir Char. Hold, Sir, hold! Whilst I am listening to the relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and Counterscarps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters. -- My Lord, by your leave. [*Puts him by, growing drunk.*

Charl. Perswade me not; I burst with Jealousie. [*Wild. turns, sees* Clacket.

Wild. Death and the Devil. *Clacket!* then 'tis *Charlot*, and I'm discover'd to her.

Charl. Say, are not you a false dissembling thing? [*To Wild. in anger.*

Wild. What, my little Northern Lass translated into English!
This 'tis to practise Art in spight of Nature.
Alas, thy Vertue, Youth, and Innocence,

Were

Were never made for Cunning,
I found ye out through all your forc'd Diſguiſe.

Charl. Hah, did you know me then?

Wild. At the firſt glance, and found you knew me too,
And talkt to yonder Lady in revenge,
Whom my Uncle wou'd have me marry. But to avoid all diſcourſes of that nature,
I came to night in this diſguiſe you ſee, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.

Charl. And is that all, on honour? is it, Dear?

Wild. What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous women?

Charl. Yes, when I ſee the Writings.

Wild. Go home; I die if you ſhou'd be diſcover'd;
And credit me, I'll bring you all you ask.
Clacket, you and I muſt have an odde Reckoning about this nights jant of yours.
Aſide to Clacket.

Sir Tim. Well, my Lord, how do you like our Engliſh Beauties?

Wild. Extreamly, Sir; and was preſſing this young Lady to give us a Song.
Here is an Italian Song in two parts.

Sir Tim. I never ſaw this Lady before: pray who may ſhe be, Neighbour?
To Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* A Niece of mine, newly come out of *Scotland*, Sir.

Sir Tim. Nay, then ſhe dances by nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, pleaſe you to ſit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a Dance.
They all ſit; Charl. *and* Fop. *dance.*
So, ſo; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conſcience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the men; but for my ſelf, I muſt retire: firſt waiting on your Lordſhip to ſhew you your Apartment, then leave you to cher entire; and to-morrow, my Lord, you and I will ſettle the Nation, and reſolve on what return we will make to the noble *Polanders.* *Exeunt all but* Wild. Dreſſ. *and* Fop. *Sir* Char. *leading out L.* Gall.

Sir Anth. Well ſaid, *Charles*, thou leaveſt her not, till ſhe's thy own, Boy.---And Philander *was a jolly Swain*, &c. *Exit ſinging.*

Wild. All things ſucceed above my wiſh, dear *Frank*;
Fortune is kind; and more, *Galliard* is ſo:
This night crowns all my Wiſhes.
Laboir, are all things ready for our purpoſe? *To his Footman.*

Lab. Dark Lanthorns, Piſtols, Habits and Vizards, Sir.

Fop. I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treaſure.

Dreſſ. I perceive you are reſolv'd to make a through-ſtitcht Robbery on't.

Fop. Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good venture a Caper under the Triple Tree for one as well as t'other.

Wild. We will conſider on't. 'tis now juſt ſtruck Eleven: within this hour is the dear Aſſignation with *Galliard.*

Dreſſ. What, whether our affairs be finiſht or not?

Wild. 'Tis but at next door; I ſhall return time enough for that trivial buſineſs.

Dreſſ. A trivial buſineſs of ſome ſix thouſand pound a year?

Wild. Trivial to a woman, *Frank!* no more do you make as if you went to bed, --*Laboon*, do you feign to be drunk, and lie on the Hall-table; and when I give the ſigne, let me ſoftly in.

Dreſſ. Death, Sir, will you venture at ſuch a time!

Wild. My life and future hope---I am reſolv'd,
Let Polititians plot, let Rogues go on
In the old beaten Path of Forty One,
Let City-Knaves delight in Mutiny,
The Rabble bow to old Presbytery;
Let petty States be to confuſion hurl'd,
Give me but Woman, I'll deſpiſe the World.

ACT the Fourth.

SCENE the Firſt. *A Dreſſing-room.*

Lady Galliard *is diſcover'd in an undreſs at her Table, Glaſs, and Toilette,* Cloſet *attending: As ſoon as the Scene draws off, ſhe riſes from the Table as diſturb'd and out of humour.*

L. *Gall.* COme, leave your everlaſting Chamber-Maids Chat, your dull Road of Slandering by rote, and lay that Paint aſide. Thou art fuller of falſe News, than an unlicens'd Mercury.

Cloſ. I have good proof, Madam, of what I ſay.

L. *Gall.* Proof of a thing impoſſible!---Away.

Cloſ. Is it a thing ſo impoſſible, Madam, that a man of Mr. *Wilding*'s parts and perſon ſhould get a City-Heireſs?
Such a bonne Mine, and ſuch a pleaſant Wit!

L. *Gall.* Hold thy fluent Tattle, thou haſt Tongue
Enough to talk an Oyſter-woman deaf; I ſay it cannot be.---
What means the panting of my troubled Heart!
Oh my preſaging fears! ſhou'd what ſhe ſays prove true,
How wretched and how loſt a thing am I! [*Aſide.*

Cloſ. Your Honour may ſay your pleaſure; but I hope I have not liv'd to theſe years to be impertinent: --- No, Madam, I am none of thoſe that run up and down the Town a Story-hunting, and a Lye-catching, and---

L. *Gall.* Eternal rattle, peace! ---
Mrs. *Charlot Gettall* go away with *Wilding!*
A man of *Wilding*'s extravagant life
Get a Fortune in the City!
Thou might'ſt as well have told me, a Holder forth were married to a Nun.
There are not two ſuch Contraries in Nature;
'Tis flamm, 'tis foolery, 'tis moſt impoſſible.

Cloſ. I beg your Ladyſhips pardon, if my diſcourſe offend you; but all the world knows Mrs. *Clacket* to be a perſon---

L. *Gall.*

L. Gall. Who is a moſt devout Bawd, a preciſe Procurer;
Saint in the Spirit, and Whore in the Fleſh;
A Doer of the Devils work in Gods Name.
Is ſhe your Informer? nay, then the Lye's undoubted.---
I ſay once more, adone with your idle Tittle-tattle,---
And to divert me, bid *Betty* ſing the Song which *Wilding*
Made to his laſt Miſtriſs: we may judge by that
What little Haunts and what low Game he follows.
This is not like the deſcription of a rich Citizens Daughter and Heir, but ſome common Hackney of the Suburbs.

Cloſ. I have heard him often ſwear ſhe was a Gentlewoman, and liv'd with her Friends.

L. Gall. Like enough; there are many of theſe Gentlewomen who live with their Friends, as rank Proſtitutes, as errant Jilts, as thoſe who make open profeſſion of the Trade---almoſt as mercenary---But come, the Song. [*Enter* Betty.

SONG.

In Phillis *all vile Jilts are met,*
Fooliſh, uncertain, falſe, Coquette.
Love is her conſtant welcome Gueſt,
And ſtill the neweſt pleaſes beſt.
Quickly ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon;
Her life on Woman's a Lampoon.

Yet for the Plague of Humane Race,
This Devil has an Angels Face;
Such Youth, ſuch Sweetneſs in her look,
Who can be man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can ſave a poor inclining heart?

In vain, a thouſand times an hour,
Reaſon rebels againſt her power.
In vain I rail, I curſe her Charms;
One look my feeble Rage diſarms.
There is Inchantment in her Eyes;
Who ſees 'em, can no more be wiſe.

Enter Wilding, *who runs to embrace* L. Gall.

Wild. *Twelve was the luckie minute when we met:*
Moſt charming of your Sex, and wiſeſt of all Widows,
My Life, my Soul, my Heaven to come, and here!
Now I have liv'd to purpoſe, ſince at laſt---Oh, killing Joy!---
Come, let me fold you, preſs you in my arms,
And kiſs you thanks for this dear happy night.

L. Gall. You may ſpare your thanks, Sir, for thoſe that will deſerve 'em; I ſhall give ye no occaſion for 'em. *Wild.*

Wild. Nay, no Scruples now, dearest of Dears, no more;
'Tis most unseasonable---
I bring a heart full fraight with eager hopes,
Oppress with a vast load of longing Love;
Let me unlade me in that soft white Bosome,
That Store-house of rich Joys and lasting Pleasures,
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies. [*She breaks from him.*

L. *Gall.* You're wonderous full of Love and Rapture, Sir; but certainly you mistake the person you address 'em to.

Wild. Why, are you not my Lady *Galliard*, that very Lady *Galliard*, who if one may take her word for't, loves *Wilding?* Am I not come hither by your own appointment; and can I have any other business here at this time of night, but Love, and Rapture, and---

L. *Gall.* Scandalous and vain! by my appointment, and for so lewd a purpose! guard me, ye good Angels.
If after an Affront so gross as this,
I ever suffer you to see me more,
Then think me what your Carriage calls me,
An Impudent, an open Prostitute,
Lost to all sense of Vertue, or of Honour.

Wild. What can this mean? [*Aside.*
Oh, now I understand the Mystery; [*Looking on* Closet.
Her Woman's here, that troublesome piece of Train.
---I must remove her. Heark ye, Mrs. *Closet*, I had forgot to tell you; As I came up I heard a Kinsman of yours very earnest with the Servants below, and in great haste to speak with you.

Clos. A Kinsman! that's very likely indeed, and at this time of night.

Wild. Yes, a very neer Kinsman he said he was, your Fathers own Mothers Uncles Sisters Son; what d'ye call him?

Clos. Aye, what d'ye call him indeed; I shou'd be glad to hear his name. Alas, Sir, I have no neer Relation living that I know of, the more's my misfortune, poor helpless Orphan that I am. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, but Mrs. *Closet*, pray take me right,
This Country-man of yours, as I was saying---

L. *Gall.* Chang'd already from a Kinsman to a Country-man! A plain contrivance to get my Woman out of the Room. *Closet*, as you value my service, stir not from hence.

Wild. This Country-man of yours, I say, being left Executor by your Fathers last Will and Testament, is come---Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady; know your Que, and retire.

Clos. How, Sir!

Wild. Learn, I say, to understand Reason when you hear it. Leave us a while; Love is not a Game for three to play at. [*Gives her Money.*

Clos. I must own to all the world, you have convinc'd me; I ask a thousand Pardons for my dulness. Well, I'll be gone, I'll run; you're a most powerful person, the very Spirit of Perswasion.---I'll steal out.---You have such a taking way with you---

But

But I forget my self. Well, your most obedient Servant: Whenever you've occasion, Sir, be pleas'd to use me freely.

Wild. Nay, dear Impertinent, no more Complements, you see I'm busie now; prithee be gone, you see I'm busie.

Clos. I'm all Obedience to you, Sir---
Your most obedient---

L. *Gall.* Whither are you fisking and gigiting now?

Clos. Madam, I am going down, and will return immediately, immediately.

Exit Clos.

Wild. So, she's gone; Heaven and broad Gold be prais'd for the deliverance: And now, dear Widow, let's lose no more pretious time; we've fool'd away too much already.

L. *Gall.* This to me?

Wild. To you, yes, to whom else shou'd it be? unless being sensible you have not discretion enough to manage your own affairs your self, you resolve, like other Widows, with all you're worth to buy a Governour, commonly called a Husband. I took ye to be wiser; but if that be your designe, I shall do my best to serve you,---though to deal freely with you---

L. *Gall.* Trouble not your self, Sir, to make Excuses; I'm not so fond of the offer to take you at your word. Marry you! a Rakeshame, who have not esteem enough for the Sex to believe your own Mother honest,---without Money or Credit, without Land either in present or prospect; and half a dozen hungry Vices, like so many bawling Brats at your back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Besides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. *Charlot Gettall?*

Wild. Married to her? do I know her, you shou'd rather ask. What Fool has forg'd this unlikely Lye? But suppose 'twere true, cou'd you be jealous of a woman I marry? do you take me for such an Ass, to suspect I shall love my own Wife? On the other side, I have a great charge of Vices, as you well observe, and I must not be so barbarous to let them starve. Every body in this Age takes care to provide for their Vices, though they send their Children a begging; I should be worse than an Infidel to neglect them. No, I must marry some stiff awkward thing or other with an ugly face and a handsome Estate, that's certain: but whoever is ordain'd to make my Fortune, 'tis you onely that can make me happy.---Come, do it then.

L. *Gall.* I never will.

Wild. Unkindly said, you must.

L. *Gall.* Unreasonable man! because you see
I have unusual regards for you,
Pleasure to hear, and trouble to deny you;
A fatal yielding in my nature toward you,
Love bends my Soul that way.---
A weakness I ne'er felt for any other;
And wou'd you be so base? and cou'd you have the heart
To take th' advantage on't to ruine me,
To make me infamous, despis'd, loath'd, pointed at?

Wild. You reason false.---
According to the strictest rules of Honour,

Beauty

Beauty shou'd still be the Reward of Love,
Not the vile Merchandize of Fortune,
Or the cheap Drug of a Church-Ceremony.
She's onely infamous, who to her Bed,
For interest, takes some nauseous Clown she hates:
And though a Joynture or a Vow in publick
Ee her price, that makes her but the dearer whore.
L. *Gall.* I understand not these new Morals.
Wild. Have patience, I say 'tis clear.
All the desires of mutual Love are vertuous.
Can Heaven or Man be angry that you please
Your self and me, when it does wrong to none?
Why rave you then on things that ne'r can be?
Besides, are we not alone, and private? who can know it?
L. *Gall.* Heaven will know't; and I---that that's enough:
But when you're weary of me, first your Friend, then his, then all the world.
Wild. Think not that time will ever come.
L. *Gall.* Oh, it must, it will!
Wild. Or if it shou'd, cou'd I be such a Villain---
Ah Cruel! if you lov'd me as you say,
You wou'd not thus distrust me.
L. *Gall.* You do me wrong; I love you more than ere my Tongue,
Or all the Actions of my Life can tell you---so well---
Your very faults, how gross soere, to me
Have something pleasing in 'em. To me you're all
That Man can praise, or Woman can desire;
All Charm without, and all Desert within:
But yet my Vertue is more lovely still;
That is a price too high to pay for you:
The love of Angels may be bought too dear,
If we bestow on them whats kept for Heaven.
Wild. Hell and the Devil! I'll hear no more
Of this Religious stuff, this Godly nonsence.
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to preach Vertue to me?
L. *Gall.* I bring you hither! how can you say it?
I suffer'd you indeed to come, but not
For the base end you fancy'd, but to take
A last leave of you. Let my heart break with Love,
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me:
Believe I still shall have a kindness for you,
Always your Friend, your Mistriss now no more.
Wild. Cozen'd, abus'd, she loves some other man! [*Aside.*
Dull Blockhead not to find it out before!
---Well, Madam, may I at last believe
This is your fixt and final Resolution?
And does your Tongue now truly speak your Heart,
That has so long bely'd it?

L. *Gall.*

L. *Gall.* It does.

Wild. I'm glad on't. Good night: And when I visit you again,
May you again thus fool me. [*Offers to go.*

L. *Gall.* Stay but a moment.

Wild. For what? to praise your Night-dress, or make court to your little Dog? No, no, Madam, send for Mr. *Flamfull* and Mr. *Flutterbuz*, Mr. *Lapp-fool* and Mr. *Love-all*; they'll do it better, and are more at leisure.

L. *Gall.* Hear me a little: You know I both despise, and hate those civil Coxcombs, as much as I esteem and love you. But why will you be gone so soon? and why are you so cruel to urge me thus to part either with your good Opinion or your Kindness? I wou'd fain keep 'em both. [*In a soft tone.*

Wild. Then keep your word, Madam.

L. *Gall.* My word! And have I promis'd then to be
A Whore? A Whore! Oh let me think of that!
A man's Convenience, his leisure hours, his Bed of Ease,
To loll and tumble on at idle times;
The Slave, the Hackney of his lawless Lust!
A loath'd Extinguisher of filthy flames,
Made use of, and thrown by.---Oh infamous!

Wild. Come, come, you love me not, I see it plain;
That makes your scruples: that, that's the reason
You start at words, and run away from shadows.
Already some pert Fop, some Ribon-fool,
Some dancing Coxcomb, has supplanted me
In that unsteady treacherous woman's heart of yours.

L. *Gall.* Believe it if you will. Yes, let me be false, unjust, ungrateful, any thing but a---Whore---

Wild. Oh, Sex on purpose form'd to plague Mankind!
All that you are, and that you do, 's a lye.
False are your Faces, false your floating Hearts;
False are your Quarrels, false your Reconcilements:
Enemies without Reason, and Dear without Kindness.
Your Friendship's false, but much more false your Love;
Your damn'd deceitful Love is all o'er false.

L. *Gall.* False rather are the Joys you are so fond of.
Be wise, and cease, Sir, to pursue 'em farther.

Wild. No, them I can never quit; but you most easily:
A woman changeable, and false as you,

L. *Gall.* Said you most easily? Oh, inhumane!
Your cruel words have wak'd a dismal thought;
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my heart,
And weakness steals upon my Soul apace;
I find I must be miserable.---
I would not be thought false. [*In a soft tone, coming nearr him.*

Wild. Nor wou'd I think you so; give me not cause.

L. *Gall.* What heart can bear distrust from what it loves? —
Or who can always her own Wish deny? [*Aside.*
My Reason's weary of the unequal strife;

And Love and Nature will at laſt o'ercome.
---Do you not then believe I love you? [*To him in a ſoft tone.*

Wild. How can I, while you ſtill remain unkind?

L. *Gall.* How ſhall I ſpeak my guilty thoughts?---
I have not power to part with you: conceal my ſhame I doubt I cannot, I fear I wou'd not any more deny you.

Wild. Oh, heavenly ſound! Oh, charming Creature! ſpeak that word again, again, again! for ever let me hear it.

L. *Gall.* But did you not indeed? and will you never, never love Mrs. *Charlot*, never?

Wild. Never, never.

L. *Gall.* Turn your face away, and give me leave
To hide my riſing Bluſhes: I cannot look on you, *As this laſt Speech is ſpeaking*
But you muſt undo me if you will.--- *She ſinks into his Arms by*
Since I no other way my truth can prove, *degrees.*
---You ſhall ſee I love.
Pity my Weakneſs, and admire my Love.

Wild. All Heaven is mine, I have it in my arms:
Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.
Fate, I defie thee, and dull World, adieu.
In Loves kind Fever let me ever ly,
Drunk with Deſire, and raving mad with Joy.

Exeunt into the Bed-chamber, Wild. *leading her with his arms about her.*

Enter Sir Charles Meriwill *and Sir* Anthony, *Sir* Char. *drunk.*

SCENE changes.

Sir Anth. A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her!

Sir Char. Why look ye, Uncle, what wou'd you have a man do? I brought her to her Coach.--

Sir Anth. To her Coach! to her Coach! Did not I put her into your hand, follow'd you out, winkt, ſmil'd, and nodded; cry'd, 'buy *Charles*, 'buy Rogue; which was as much as to ſay, Go home with her, *Charles*, home to her Chamber, *Charles*; nay, as much as to ſay, Home to her Bed, *Charles*; nay, as much as to ſay----Hum, hum, a Rogue, a Dog, and yet to be modeſt too! That I ſhou'd bring thee up with no more fear of God before my Eyes!

Sir Char. Nay, dear Uncle, don't break my heart now. Why I did proffer, and preſs, and ſwear, and ly'd, and--but a Pox on her, ſhe has the damndeſt wheedling way with her, as, Dear *Charles*, nay prithee, fie, 'tis late, to morrow, my Honour, which if you lov'd, you wou'd preſerve; and ſuch obliging Reaſons.

Sir Anth. Reaſons! Reaſon! a Lover, and talk of Reaſon! You lye, Sirrah, you lye. Leave a woman for Reaſon, when you were ſo finely drunk too, a Raſcal!

Sir Char. Why look ye, d'ye ſee, Uncle, I durſt not truſt my ſelf alone with her in this pickle, leſt I ſhou'd a fallen foul on her.

Sir Anth. Why there's it; 'tis that you ſhou'd adone: I am miſtaken if ſhe be not one of thoſe Ladies that love to be raviſht of a Kindneſs. Why, your willing Rape is all the faſhion, *Charles*.

Sir Char. But heark ye, Uncle.

Sir Anth. Why how now, Jack-ſawce, what, capitulate? *Sir*

Sir Char. Why do but hear me, Uncle: Lord, you're so hasty! Why look ye, I am as ready, d'ye see, as any man to these occasions.

Sir Anth. Are you so, Sir? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir.---Whe, what, I shall have ye whining when you are sober again, traversing your Chamber with Arms across, railing on Love and Women, and at last defeated, turn whipping *Tom*, to revenge your self on the whole Sex.

Sir Char. My dear Uncle, come kiss me and be friends; I will be rul'd. [*Kisses him.*

Sir Anth. ---A most admirable good-natur'd Boy this! [*aside.*] Well then, dear *Charles*, know, I have brought thee now hither to the Widows house with a resolution to have thee order matters so, as before thou quits her, she shall be thy own, Boy.

Sir Char. Gad, Uncle, thou'rt a Cherubin! Introduce me, d'ye see, and if I do not so woo the Widow, and so do the Widow, that ere morning she shall be content to take me for better for worse.---Renounce me! Egad, I'll make her know the Lord God from *Tom Bell*, before I have done with her. Nay, hark ye, by my noble Uncle, I'll venture on her, had she all *Cupid*'s Arrows, *Venus*'s Beauty, and *Malalina*'s Fire, d'ye see.

Sir Anth. A sweet Boy, a very sweet Boy! Hum, thou art damnable handsome to night, *Charles*.---Aye, thou wilt do't. I see a kind of a resistless Lewdness about thee, a most triumphant Impudence, loose and wanton. [*Stands looking on him.*

Enter Closet.

Clos. Heavens, Gentlemen, what makes you here at this time of night?

Sir Char. Where's your Lady?

Clos. Softly, dear Sir.

Sir Char. Why is she asleep? Come, come, I'll wake her.

Offers to force in to the Bed-chamber.

Clos. Hold, hold, Sir: No, no, she's a little busie, Sir.

Sir Char. I'll have no business done to night, Sweetheart.

Clos. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Sir, her Mother's with her: For Heavens sake, Sir, be gone.

Sir Char. I'll not budge.

Sir Anth. No not a foot.

Clos. The City you know, Sir, is so censorious---

Sir Char. Damn the City.

Sir Anth. All the Whigs, *Charles*, all the Whigs.

Sir Char. In short, I am resolv'd, d'ye see, to go to the Widows Chamber.

Sir Anth. Heark ye, *Mrs. Closet*, I thought it had intirely engag'd you this evening.

Clos. I am perfectly yours, Sir; but now it happens so, her Mother being there---Yet if you wou'd withdraw for half an hour, into my Chamber, till she were gone---

Sir Anth. This is Reason, *Charles*. Here, here's two Pieces to buy thee a Gorget.

---*Gives her Money.*

Sir Char. And here's my two, because thou are industrious.

Gives her Money, and goes out with her.

Enter Lady Galliard *in rage, held by* Wilding.

L. *Gall.* What have I done? Ah, whither ſhall I flie? [*Weeps.*

Wild. Why all theſe Tears? Ah, why this cruel Paſſion?

L. *Gall.* Undone, undone! Unhand me, falſe, forſworn;
Be gone, and let me rage till I am dead.
What ſhou'd I do with guilty Life about me?

Wild. Why, where's the harm of what we two have done?

L. *Gall.* Ah, leave me---
Leave me alone to ſigh to flying Winds,
That the infection may be born aloft,
And reach no humane Ear.

Wild. Ceaſe, lovely Charmer, ceaſe to wound me more,

L. *Gall.* Shall I ſurvive this ſhame! No, if I do,
Eternal Bluſhes dwell upon my Cheeks,
To tell the World my Crime.
---Miſchief and Hell, what Devil did poſſeſs me?

Wild. It was no Devil, but a Deity;
A little gay-wing'd God, harmleſs and innocent,
Young as Deſire, wanton as Summer-breezes,
Soft as thy Smiles, reſiſtleſs as thy Eyes.

L. *Gall.* Ah, what malicious God,
Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind,
Taught thee the Art of Conqueſt with thy Tongue?
Thy falſe deluding Eyes were ſurely made
Of Stars that rule our Sexes Deſtiny:
And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,
That firſt undo the heedleſs Gazers on,
Then ſhew their natural deformity.

Wild. Ah, my *Galliard*, am I grown ugly then?
Has my increaſe of Paſſion leſſen'd yours? [*In a ſoft tone.*

L. *Gall.* Peace tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayeſt me,
And then upbraideſt the wretchedneſs thou'ſt made.
---Ah, Fool, eternal Fool! to know my danger,
Yet venture on ſo evident a ruine.

Wild. Say,---what one Grace is faded?
Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing?
By Heaven, much more: This charming change of Looks,
Raiſes my flame, and makes me wiſh t'invoke
The harmleſs God again. [*Embraces her.*

L. *Gall.* By Heaven, not all thy Art
Shall draw me to the tempting ſin again.

Wild. Oh, I muſt, or dye.

L. *Gall.* By all the Powers, by---

Wild. Oh, do not ſwear, leſt Love ſhou'd take it ill
That Honour ſhou'd pretend to give him Laws,
And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.

Say

---Say that you will half a long hour hence---

L. *Gall.* Hah?

Wild. Or ſay a tedious hour.

L. *Gall.* Death, never---

Wild. Or if you muſt---promiſe me then to morrow.

L. *Gall.* No, hear my Vows.

Wild. Hold, ſee me die; if you reſolve 'em fatal to my love, by Heaven I'll do't.

Lays his hand on his Sword.

L. *Gall.* Ah, what---

Wild. Revoke that fatal Never then.

L. *Gall.* I dare not.

Wild. Oh, ſay you will.

L. *Gall.* Alas, I dare not utter it.

Wild. Let's in, and thou ſhalt whiſper it into my Boſom; Or ſighing, look it to me with thy Eyes.

L. *Gall.* Ah, *Wilding*--- [*Sighs.*

Wild. It touch't my Soul! Repeat that ſigh again.

L. *Gall.* Ah, I confeſs I am but feeble woman. [*Leans on him.*

Sir Char. Good Miſtriſs keep-door, ſtand by: for I muſt enter. [Sir *Char. without.*

L. *Gall.* Hah, young *Meriwill*'s voice!

Cloſ. Pray, Sir *Charles*, let me go and give my Lady notice.

She enters and goes to Wild.

---For Heavens ſake, Sir, withdraw, or my Lady's Honour's loſt.

Wild. What will you have me do? [*To* Galliard.

L. *Gall.* Be gone, or you will ruine me for ever. [*In diſorder.*

Wild. Nay, then I will obey.

L. *Gall.* Here, down the back-ſtairs---

As you have Honour, go and cheriſh mine. [*Pulling him.*

---He's gone; and now methinks the ſhivering fit of Honour is return'd.

Enter Sir Charles, *rudely puſhing* Cloſet *aſide, with Sir* Anthony.

Sir Char. Deni'd an entrance! nay, then there is a Rival in the caſe, or ſo; and I'm reſolv'd to diſcover the Helliſh Plot, d'ye ſee.

Juſt as he enters drunk at one door, Wild. *returns at the other.*

L. *Gall.* Ha, *Wilding* return'd! ſhield me, ye Shades of Night.

Puts out the Candles, and goes to Wild.

Wild. The back-ſtairs-door is lockt.

L. *Gall.* Oh, I am loſt! curſe on this fatal night!

Art thou reſolv'd on my undoing every way?

Cloſ. Nay, now we're by dark, let me alone to guide you, Sir. [*To* Wild.

Sir Char. What, what, all in darkneſs? Do you make Love like Cats, by Starlight? [*Reeling about.*

L. *Gall.* Ah, he knows he's here!---Oh, what a pain is Guilt! [*Aſide.*

Wild. I wou'd not be ſurpriz'd.

As Cloſet *takes him to lead him out, he takes out his Sword, and by dark, puſhes by Sir* Charles, *and almoſt overthrows Sir* Anthony; *at which they both draw, whilſt he goes out with* Cloſet.

Sir

Sir Char. Hah, Gad 'twas a Spark! ---What, vanisht! hah---

Sir Anth. Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye.

Sir Char. Are you so, Sir? and I am for the Widow, Sir, and---

Just as they are passing at each other, Closet *enters with a Candle.*

---Hah, why what have we here,---my none flesh and blood? [*Embracing his Uncle.*

Sir Anth. Cry mercy, Sir! Pray how fell we out?

Sir Char. Out, Sir! Prithee where's my Rival? where's the Spark, the---Gad, I took thee for an errant Rival: Where, where is he? [*Searching about.*

L. *Gall.* Whom seek ye, Sir, a man, and in my Lodgings? [*Angrily.*

Clos. A man! merciful, what will this scandalous lying World come to? Here's no man.

Sir Char. Away, I say, thou damn'd Domestick Intelligence, that comest out every half hour with some fresh Sham.---No man!---What, 'twas an appointment onely, hum,--- which I shall now make bold to unappoint, render null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him here [*searches about*] I shall very civilly and accidentally, as it were, being in perfect friendship with him---pray mark that---run him through the Lungs.

L. *Gall.* Oh, what a Coward's guilt! what mean you, Sir?

Sir Char. Mean! why I am obstinately bent to ravish thee, thou hypocritical Widow, make thee mine by force, that so I may have no obligation to thee, and consequently use thee scurvily with a good Conscience.

Sir Anth. A most delicate Boy! I'll warrant him as lewd as the best of 'em, God grant him life and Health. [*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* 'Tis late, and I entreat your absence, Sir: These are my hours of prayer, which this unseasonable Visit has disturb'd.

Sir Char. Prayer! no more of that, Sweetheart: for let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing so late, but a good Husband; and see, Heaven has sent him just in the crit---critical minute, to supply your occasions.

Sir Anth. A Wag, an arch Wag; he'll learn to make Lampoons presently. I'll not give sixpence from him, though to the Poor of the Parish.

Sir Char. Come, Widow, let's to bed. [*Pulls her, she is angry.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, Sir, you drive the Jest too far;
And I am in no humour now for mirth.

Sir Char. Jest! Gad ye lye, I was never in more earnest in all my life.

Sir Anth. He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counsel, and good Company. [*Getting nearer the door still.*

L. *Gall.* What mean you, Sir? what can my Woman think to see me treated thus?

Sir Char. Well thought on! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye see---
Therefore, thou sometimes necessary Utensil, withdraw. [*Gives her to Sir* Anth.

Sir Anth. Aye, aye, let me alone to teach her her duty. [*Pushes her out, and goes out.*

L. *Gall.* Stay, *Closet*, I command ye.
---What have you seen in me thou'd move you to this rudeness? [*To Sir* Char.

Sir Char. No frowning; for by this dear night, 'tis charity, care of your Reputation, Widow: and therefore I am resolv'd nobody shall lie with you but my self.

You

You have dangerous Waſps buzzing about your Hive, Widow---mark that--- [*She flings from him.*] Nay, no patting but upon terms, which in ſhort, d'ye ſee, are theſe: Down on your knees, and ſwear me heartily as Gad ſhall judge your Soul, d'ye ſee, to marry me to morrow.

L. *Gall.* To morrow! Oh, I have urgent buſineſs then.

Sir Char. So have I. Nay Gad, an you be for the neereſt way to wood, the ſober diſcreet way of loving, I am for you, look ye. [*He begins to undreſs.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir Char. Onely to go to bed, that's all. [*Still undreſſing.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

Sir Char. Aye do, call up a Jury of your Female Neighbours; they'll be for me, d'ye ſee, bring in the Bill *Ignoramus*, though I am no very true blue Proteſtant neither: Therefore diſpatch, or---

L. *Gall.* Hold, are you mad? I cannot promiſe you to night.

Sir Char. Well, well, I'll be content with performance then to night, and truſt you for your promiſe till to morrow.

Sir Anth. [*peeping.*] Ah, Rogue! By *George*, he out-does my expectations of him.

L. *Gall.* What Impoſition's this! I'll call for help.

Sir Char. You need not, you'll do my buſineſs better alone. [*Pulls her.*

L. *Gall.* What ſhall I do! how ſhall I ſend him hence! [*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. He ſhall ne'er drink ſmall Beer more, that's poſitive: I'll burn all's Books too, they have helpt to ſpoil him; and ſick or well, ſound or unſound, Drinking ſhall be his Diet, and Whoring his Study. [*Aſide. Peeping unſeen.*

Sir Char. Come, come, no pauſing; your promiſe, or I'll to bed.

Offers to pull off his Breeches, having pull'd off almoſt all the reſt of his Clothes.

L. *Gall.* What ſhall I do, here is no Witneſs neer! And to be rid of him, I'll promiſe him: he'll have forgot it in his ſober Paſſion. [*aſide.*

He fumbling to undo his Breeches.

Hold, I do ſwear I will---

Sir Char. What?

L. *Gall.* Marry you.

Sir Char. When?

L. *Gall.* Nay, that's too much.---Hold, hold, I will to morrow.---Now you are ſatisfi'd, you will withdraw?

Enter Sir Anth. *and* Cloſet.

Sir Anth. Charles, Joy *Charles*, give ye Joy: here's two ſubſtantial Witneſſes.

Cloſ. I deny it, Sir; I heard no ſuch thing.

Sir Anth. What, what, Mrs. *Cloſet*, a Waiting-woman of Honour, and flinch from her Evidence! Gad, I'll damn thy Soul, if thou dareſt ſwear what thou ſayeſt.

L. *Gall.* How, upon the catch, Sir! am I betray'd?
Baſe and unkind, is this your humble Love!
Is all your whining come to this, falſe man! By Heaven, I'll be reveng'd.

She goes out in rage, with Cloſet.

Sir Char. Nay, Gad you're caught, ſtruggle and flounder as you pleaſe, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more; let me alone to tickle your Gills, i'faith. [*Looking after her.*

---Uncle,

---Uncle, get ye home about your buſineſs: I hope you'll give me the Good morrow, as becomes me.---I ſay no more---A word to the Wife---

Sir Anth. By *George*, thou'rt a brave fellow; why I did not think it had been in thee, man. Well, adieu: I'll give thee ſuch a Good morrow, *Charles*---the Devil's in him!- -'Buy, *Charles*---a plaguie Rogue!---'Night, Boy---a Divine Youth!

Going and returning, as not able to leave him. *Exit.*

Sir Char. Gad, I'll not leave her now, till ſhe is mine;
Then keep her ſo by conſtant conſummation.
Let Man a God do his, I'll do my part,
In ſpight of all her fickleneſs and art;
There's one ſure way to fix a Widows heart.

ACT the Fifth.

SCENE the Firſt. *Sir* Timothy's *Houſe.*

Enter Dreſſwell, Fopington, *and five or ſix more diſguis'd with Vizards, and dark Lanthorns.*

Fop. NOt yet! a Plague of this damn'd Widow: the Devil ow'd him an unlucky Caſt, and has thrown it him to night.

Enter Wild. *in Rapture and Joy.*

---Hah, dear *Tom*, art thou come?

Wild. I ſaw how at her length ſhe lay!
I ſaw her riſing Boſome bare!

Fop. A Pox of her riſing Boſome; My Dear, let's dreſs and about our buſineſs.

Wild. Her looſe thin Robes, through which appear
A Shape deſign'd for Love and Play!

Dreſſ. 'Sheart, Sir, is this a time for Rapture? 'tis almoſt day.

Wild. Ah, *Frank*, ſuch a dear night!

Dreſſ. A Pox of nights, Sir, think of this and the day to come; which I perceive you were too well employ'd to remember.

Wild. The day to come!
Death, who cou'd be ſo dull in ſuch dear Joys,
To think of time to come, or ought beyond 'em!
And had I not been interrupted by *Charles Meriwill*, who getting drunk, had courage enough to venture on an untimely Viſit, I'd had no more power of returning, than committing Treaſon: But that conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and ſo unſeen I got off. But come---my diſguiſe. [*Dreſſes.*

Dreſſ. All's ſtill and huſh, as if Nature meant to favour our deſigne.

Wild.

Wild. 'Tis well: And hearke ye, my Friends, I'll proscribe you no bounds, or moderation; for I have considered if we modestly take nothing but the Writings, 'twill be easie to suspect the Thief.

Fop. Right; and since 'tis for the securing our Necks, 'tis lawful prise.---Sirrah, leave the Portmantua here. *Exeunt* as into the house.

After a small time.

Enter Jervice *undrest, crying out, pursu'd by some of the Thieves.*

Jer. Murder, Murder! Thieves, Murder!

Enter Wilding *with his Sword drawn.*

Wild. A Plague upon his Throat; set a Gag in's mouth and bind him, though he be my Uncle's chief Pimp.---So--- [*They bind and gag him.*

Enter Dresswell.

Dress. Well, we have bound all within hearing in their Beds, ere they cou'd alarm their Fellows by crying out.

Wild. 'Tis well: come, follow me, like a kind Midnight-Ghost, I will conduct ye to the rich buried heaps---this door leads to my Uncles Apartment; I know each secred nook contious of Treasure. [*All go in, leaving* Jervice *bound on the Stage.*

Enter Sensure *running half undrest as from Sir* Timothy's *Chamber, with his Velvet-coat on her shoulders.*

Sen. Help, help! Murder! Murder! [Dress. Laboir, *and others pursue her.*

Dress. What have we here, a Female bolted from Mr. Aldermans Bed?

Holding his Lanthorn to her face.

Sen. Ah mercy, Sir, alas, I am a Virgin.

Dress. A Virgin! Gad and that may be, for any great miracles the old Gentleman can do.

Sen. Do! alas, Sir, I am none of the wicked.

Dress. That's well.---The sanctifi'd Jilt professes Innocence, yet has the Badge of her Occupation about her neck. [*Pulls off the Coat.*

Sen. Ah misfortune, I have mistook his Worships Coat for my Gown.

A little Book drops out of her Bosome.

Dress. What have we here? *A Sermon preacht by* Richard Baxter, *Divine.* Gad a mercy, Sweetheart, thou art a hopeful Member of the true Protestant Cause.

Sen. Alack, how the Saints may be scandaliz'd! I went but to tuck his Worship in.

Dress. And comment upon the Text a little, which I suppose may be increase and multiply.---Here, gag and bind her. [*Exit* Dress.

Sen. Hold, hold, I am with Child!

Lab. Then you'll go neer to miscarry of a Babe of Grace.

Enter Wild. Fop. *and others, leading in Sir* Timothy *in his Night-gown and Night-cap.*

Sir Tim. Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I beseech you use a Conscience in what you do, and have a feeling of what you go about.---Pity my Age.

Wild. Damn'd beggarly Conscience, and needless Pity---

Sir Tim. Oh fearful!---But, Gentlemen, what is't you designe? is it a general Massacar, pray, or am I the onely person aim'd at as a Sacrifice for the Nation? know, and all the World knows, how many Plots have been laid against my self

both by men, women, and children, the Diabolical Emiſſaries of the Pope.

Wild. How, Sirrah! [*Fiercely, he ſtarts.*

Sir Tim. Nay, Gentlemen, not but I love and honour his Holineſs with all my Soul; and if his Grace did but know what I have done for him, d'ye ſee—

Fop. You done for the Pope, Sirrah! why what have you done for the Pope?

Sir Tim. Why, Sir, an't like ye, I have done you great ſervice, very great ſervice; for I have been, d'ye ſee, in a ſmall Tryal I had, the cauſe and occaſion of invalidating the Evidence to that degree, that I ſuppoſe no Jury in *Chriſtendom* will ever have the impudence to believe 'em hereafter, ſhou'd they ſwear againſt his Holineſs himſelf, and all the Conclave of Cardinals.

Wild. And yet you plot on ſtill, cabal, treat, and keep open debauch, for all the Renegado-Tories and old Commonwealths-men to carry on the good Cauſe.

Sir Tim. Alas, what ſignifies that? You know, Gentlemen, that I have ſuch a ſtrange and natural agility in turning, ---I ſhall whip about yet, and leave 'em all in the lurch.

Wild. 'Tis very likely; but at this time we ſhall not take your word for that.

Sir Tim. Bloody minded men, are you reſolv'd to aſſaſſinate me then?

Wild. You trifle, Sir, and know our buſineſs better, than to think we come to take your Life, which wou'd not advantage a Dog, much leſs any Party or Perſon.---Come, come, your Keys, your Keys.

Fop. Aye, aye, diſcover, diſcover your Money, Sir, your ready---

Sir Tim. Money, Sir! good lack, is that all? [*Smiling on 'em.*
Why what a Beaſt was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Money laſt week to Alderman Draw-tooth! Alack, alack, what ſhift ſhall I make now to accommodate you?---But if you pleaſe to come again to morrow---

Fop. A ſhamming Rogue; the right Sneer and Grin of a diſſembling Whig. Come, come, deliver, Sir; we are for no Rhetorick, but ready Money.

Aloud, and threatning.

Sir Tim. Hold, I beſeech you, Gentlemen, not ſo loud: for there is a Lord, a moſt conſiderable perſon and a ſtranger, honours my houſe to night; I wou'd not for the world his Lordſhip ſhou'd be diſturb'd.

Wild. Take no care for him, he's faſt bound, and all his Retinue.

Sir Tim. How, bound! my Lord bound, and all his People! Undone, undone, diſgrac'd! What will the *Polanders* ſay, that I ſhou'd expoſe their Embaſſadour to this diſreſpect and affront?

Wild. Bind him, and take away his Keys.

They bind him hand and foot, and take his Keys out of his boſome. Exeunt all.

Sir Tim. Aye, aye, what you pleaſe, Gentlemen, ſince my Lord's bound.---Oh what Recompence can I make for ſo unhoſpitable uſage? I am a moſt unfortunate Magiſtrate!---Hah, who's there, *Jervice?* Alas, art thou here too?---What, canſt not ſpeak? But 'tis no matter and I were dumb too: for what Speech or Harangue will ſerve to beg my pardon of my Lord?---And then my Heireſs, *Jervice*, aye, my rich Heireſs, why ſhe'll be raviſht, oh Heavens, raviſht! The young Rogues will have no mercy, *Jervice*; nay, perhaps as thou ſayeſt, they'll carry her away.---Oh that thought! Gad I'd rather the City-Charter were loſt. [*Enter ſome with bags of Money.*
---Why Gentlemen, rob like Chriſtians, Gentlemen.

Pope.

Fop. What, do you mutter, Dog?

Sir Tim. Not in the least, Sir, not in the least; onely a Conscience, Sir, in all things does well. ---Barbarous Rogues! [*They go out all again.*] Here's your Arbitrary Power, *Jervice*; here's the rule of the Sword now for you: These are your Tory Rogues, your Tantivie Roysters; but we shall cry quits with you, Rascals, erelong: and if we do come to our old Trade of Plunder and Sequestration, we will so handle ye---we'll spare neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate. Oh, I long to have a slice at your fat Church-men, your Crape-Gown-orums.

Enter Wild. *and the rest, with more Bags.*

Wild. A Prize, a Prize, my Lads, in ready Guinies! Contribution, my Beloved.

Dress. Nay then 'tis lawful Prize, in spight of *Ignoramus* and all his Tribe.---What hast thou there? [*To* Fop. *who enters with a bag full of Papers.*

Fop. A whole Bag of Knavery, damn'd Sedition, Libels, Treason, Successions, Rights and Priviledges, with a new-fashion'd Oath of Abjuration, call'd the Association.---Ah Rogue, what will you say when these shall be made publick?

Sir Tim. Say, Sir? why I'll deny it, Sir: for what Jury will believe so wise a Magistrate as I, cou'd communicate such Secrets to such as you? I'll say you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in,---or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publisht in *London*, Sir. Come, come, the World is not so bad yet, but a man may speak Treason within the Walls of *London*, thanks be to God, and honest conscientious Jury-men. And as for the Money, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

Wild. Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbish of the Nation out of the way.---Your Servant, Sir.---So, away with it to *Dresswell*'s Lodgings, his Coach is at the door ready to receive it.

They carry off Sir Timothy, *and others take up the Bags, and go out with 'em.*

Dress. Well, you are sure you have all you came for?

Wild. All's safe, my Lads, the Writings all---

Fop. Come, let's away then.

Wild. Away? what meanst thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his bed, and all his People? Come, come, dispatch, and each man bind his fellow.

Fop. We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

Wild. No, we have not done so ill, but we dare shew our faces. Come, come, to binding.

Fop. And who shall bind the last man?

Wild. Honest *Labour*, d'ye hear, Sirrah? you got drunk and lay in your Clothes under the Hall-table; d'ye conceive me? Look to't, ye Rascal, and carry things discreetly, or you'll all be hang'd, that's certain. [*Exit* Wild. *and* Dress.

Fop. So; now will I i'th' morning to *Charlot*, and give her such a character of her Lover, as if she have resentment, makes her mine. [*Exit* Fop.

Sir Tim. [*calls within.*] Ho, *Jenkin*, *Roger*, *Simon!* where are these Rogues? None left alive to come to my assistance? So ho, ho, ho! Rascals, Sluggards, Drones! So ho, ho, ho!

Lab. So, now's my Que---and stay, I am not yet sober.

Puts himself into a drunken posture.

Sir Tim. Dogs, Rogues, none hear me? Fire, fire, fire!

Lab. Water, water, I ſay: for I am damnable dry.

Sir. Tim. Ha, who's there?

Lab. What doleful voice is that?

Sir Tim. What art thou, friend or foe? [*In a doleful tone.*

Lab. Very direful---why what the Devil art thou?

Sir Tim. If thou'rt a friend, approach, approach the wretched.

Lab. Wretched! What art thou, Ghoſt, Hobgobling, or walking Spirit?

Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's hand.

Sir Tim. Oh, neither, neither, but meer mortal Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, robb'd and bound. [*Coming out led by* Lab.

Lab. How, our generous Hoſt?

Sir Tim. How, one of my Lords Servants! Alas, alas, how cam'ſt thou to eſcape?

Lab. Ene by Miracle, Sir, by being drunk and falling aſleep under the Hall-table with your Worſhips Dog *Tory*, till juſt now a Dream of Small-beer wakt me; and crawling from my Kennel to ſecure the black Jack, I ſtumb'ed upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to ſerve your Worſhip. [*Goes to unbind his hands.*

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, I ſay; for I ſcorn to be ſo uncivil to be unbound before his Lordſhip: therefore run, Friend, to his Honours Chamber, for he, alas, is confin'd too.

Lab. What, and leave his worthy Friend in diſtreſs? by no means, Sir.

Sir Tim. Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not aſham'd to look in the face, I am an errant Sarazan. [*Exit Sir* Tim. *and* Lab.

SCENE changes to *Wilding*'s Chamber.

He diſcover'd ſitting in a Chair bound, his Vallet bound by him; to them Sir Timothy *and* Laboir.

Wild. Peace, Sirrah, for ſure I hear ſome coming.---Villains, Rogues! I care not for my ſelf, but the good pious Alderman. [*Sir* Tim. *as liſtening.*

Sir Tim. Wonderful goodneſs, for me! alas, my Lord, this ſight will break my heart. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Sir *Timothy* ſafe! nay then I do forgive 'em.

Sir Tim. Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid fate.

Wild. It is my cuſtom, Sir, to pray an hour or two in my Chamber, before I go to bed; and having pray'd that drowſie Slave aſleep, the Thieves broke in upon us unawares, I having laid my Sword aſide.

Sir Tim. Oh, Heavens, at his Prayers! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not ſtay till you had ſaid your Prayers?

Wild. By no perſwaſion.---Can you not gueſs who they ſhou'd be, Sir?

Sir Tim. Oh, ſome damn'd Tory-rory Rogues, you may be ſure, to rob a man at his Prayers! Why what will this world come to?

Wild. Let us not talk, Sir, but purſue 'em. [*Offering to go.*

Sir Tim. Purſue 'em? alas, they're paſt our reach by this time.

Wild. Oh, Sir, they are neerer than you imagine:

Some

Some that know each corner of your house, I'll warrant.

Sir Tim. Think ye so, my Lord? Aye, this comes of keeping Open House; which makes so many shut up their doors at Dinner-time.

Enter Dresswell.

Dress. Good morrow, Gentlemen! what was the Devil broke loose to night?

Sir Tim. Onely some of his Imps, Sir, sawcy Varlets, insupportable Rascals.---But well, my Lord, now I have seen your Lordship at liberty, I'll leave you to your rest, and go see what harm this nights work has done.

Wild. I have a little business, Sir, and will take this time to dispatch it in; my Servants shall to bed, though 'tis already day.---I'll wait on you at Dinner.

Sir Tim. Your time: my House and all I have is yours; and so I take my leave of your Lordship. [*Exit Sir* Tim.

Wild. Now for my angry Maid, the young *Charlot*;
'Twill be a task to soften her to peace:
She is all new and gay, young as the Morn,
Blushing as tender Rose-buds on their stalks,
Pregnant with sweets, for the next Sun to ravish.
---Come, thou shalt along with me, I'll trust thy friendship. *Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Diana*'s Chamber.

She is discover'd dressing, with Betty.

Dian. Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this old rich Coxcomb.

Bet. And you do well to lose no time.

Dian. Ah, *Betty*, and cou'd thy prudence prefer an old Husband, because rich, before so young, so handsome, and so soft a Lover as *Wilding?*

Bet. I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchase, Money and Quality may.

Dian. Aye, but to be oblig'd to lie with such a Beast; aye, there's the Devil *Betty.* Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces,
The soft dear Arms of *Wilding* round my neck,
From those cold feeble ones of this old Dotard;
When I shall meet, instead of *Tom*'s warm Kisses,
A hollow pair of thin blue wither'd Lips,
Trembling with Palsie, stinking with Disease,
By Age and Nature baracado'd up
With a kind Nose and Chin;
What fancy or what thought can make my hours supportable?

Bet. What? why six thousand pound a year, Mistris.
He'll quickly die and leave you rich, and then do what you please.

Dian. Die! nō, he's too temperate.---Sure these Whigs, *Betty*, believe there's no Heaven, they take such care to live so long in this world.---No, he'll out-live me.

[*Sighs.*

Bet.

Bet. In grace a God he may be hang'd firſt, Miſtriſs.---Ha, one knocks, I believe 'tis he. [*She goes to open the door.*

Dian. I cannot bring my heart to like this buſineſs;
One ſight of my dear *Tom* wou'd turn the ſcale.

Bet. Who's there?

Enter Sir Tim. *joyful*; Dian. *walks away.*

Sir Tim. 'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the day;
This happy day to be inroll'd
In Rubrick-letters, and in Gold.
---Hum, I am profoundly eloquent this morning. [*Aſide.*
---Fair Excellence, I approach--- [*Going towards her.*

Dian. Like Phyſick in a morning next one's heart; [*Aſide.*
Which though 'tis neceſſary, is moſt filthy loathſome. [*Going from him.*

Sir Tim. What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty?
---Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this morning. [*Aſide.*

Dian. It will not down. [*Turning to him, looks on him, and turns away.*

Sir Tim. Alas, ye Gods, am I diſpis'd and ſcorn'd?
Did I for this, ponder upon the Queſtion,
Whether I ſhou'd be King or Alderman? [*Heroickly.*

Dian. If I muſt marry him, give him patience to endure the Cuckolding, good Heaven. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Heaven! did ſhe name Heaven, *Betty?*

Bet. I think ſhe did, Sir.

Sir Tim. I do not like that: What need has ſhe to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day?

Dian. Marriage is a ſort of hanging, Sir; and I was onely making a ſhort Prayer before Execution.

Sir Tim. Oh, is that all? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we are abed, that we have nothing elſe to do. [*Takes her hand.*

Dian. Not much, I dare ſwear.

Sir Tim. And let us, Fair one, haſte; the Parſon ſtays: beſides, that heap of Scandal may prevent us,---I mean my Nephew.

Dian. A Pox upon him now for naming *Wilding*. [*Weeps.*

Sir Tim. How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew? Nay, then I am provokt---Look on this Head, this wiſe and reverend Head; I'd have ye know, it has been taken meaſure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye ſee.

Dian. A Halter rather. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Aye, and it fits it too: and am I ſlighted, I that ſhall receive *Billet Doux* from *Infantas?* 'tis moſt uncivil and Impolitick.

Dian. I hope he's mad, and then I reign alone. [*Aſide.*
Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I ſhed indeed at naming *Wilding*,
Of whom my fooliſh heart has now tane leave,
And from this moment is intirely yours.

Gives him her hand, they go out.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Charlot, *led by* Fopington, *followed by Mrs.* Clacket.

Charl. Stay, my heart miſgives me I ſhall be undone.
---Ah, whither was I going? [*Pulls her hand from* Fop.

Fop. Do, ſtay till the news arrives that he is married to her that had his company to night, my Lady *Galliard*.

Charl. Oh take heed, leſt you ſin doubly, Sir.

Fop. By Heaven, 'tis true, he paſt the night with her.

Charl. All night? what cou'd they find to do?

Mrs. *Clack.* A very proper Queſtion: I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam.

Charl. Oh no; they lookt and lov'd, and vow'd and lov'd, and ſwore eternal Friendſhip.---Haſte, haſte, and lead me to the Church, the Altar; I'll put it paſt my power to love him more.

Fop. Oh, how you charm me! [*Takes her by the hand.*

Charl. Yet what art thou? a ſtranger to my heart.
Wherefore, ah why, on what occaſion ſhou'd I?

Mrs. *Clack.* Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my word will be taken for a greater matter i'th' City: In troth you're beholding to the Gentleman for marrying you; your Reputation's gone.

Charl. How, am I not honeſt then?

Mrs. *Clack.* Marry Heaven forbid! But who that knows you have been a ſingle hour in *Wilding*'s hands, that wou'd not ſwear you'd loſt your Maidenhead? And back again I'm ſure you dare not go unmarried; that wou'd be a fine Hiſtory to be ſung to your eternal fame in a Ballad.

Fop. Right; and you ſee *Wilding* has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll ſhortly hear he's married.

Charl. Oh, you trifle, Sir; lead on.

They going out, meet Sir Anthony *with Muſick: they return.*

Sir Anth. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the Houſe, and this the window belonging to my Ladies Bed-chamber: Come, come, let's have ſome neat, ſoft, brisk, languiſhing, ſprightly Air now.

Fop. Old *Meriwill*---how ſhall I paſs by him? [*Stand by.*

Sir Anth. So, here's Company too; 'tis very well--Not have the Boy? I'll warrant this does the buſineſs.---Come, come, ſcrew up your Chitterling. [*They play.*
---Hold, hold a little,---Good-morrow, my Lady *Galliard*,
---Give your Ladyſhip joy.

Charl. What do I hear, my Lady *Galliard* joy'd?

Fop. How, married her already?

Charl. Oh, yes he has. Lovely and falſe, haſt thou deceiv'd my Faith?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh Heavens, Mr. *Fopington*, ſhe faints---ah me!

They hold her, Muſick plays.

Enter

Enter Wilding *and* Dreſſwell *diſguis'd as before.*

Wild. Ah, Muſick at *Galliard's* door!

Sir Anth. Good morrow, Sir *Charles Meriwill*; give your Worſhip and your fair Lady joy.

Wild. Hah, *Meriwill* married the Widow?

Dreſſ. No matter; prithee advance and mind thy own affairs.

Wild. Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't!
Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me;
Not draw, when branded with the name of Coward;
Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meets my eyes.---Hah!---

Sees Sir Charles *come into the Belconey undreſt.*

Sir Char. Good morrow, Uncle. Gentlemen I thank ye: Here, drink the Kings Health, with my Royal Maſter's the Duke. [*Gives 'em Money.*

Fid. Heaven bleſs your Honour, and your vertuous Bride.

Fop. Wilding! undone. [*Shelters* Charlot *that ſhe may not ſee* Wilding.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Meriwill* above?

Sir Anth. Hah, the Boys Rival here! By *George*, here may be breathing this morning.---No matter, here's two to two; come, Gentlemen, you muſt in.

Thruſts the Muſick in, and goes in.

Dreſſ. Is't not what you expected? nay, what you wiſht?

Wild. What then? it comes too ſuddenly upon me---
Ere my laſt kiſs was cold upon her lips,
Before the pantings of her Breaſt were laid,
Rais'd by her Joys with me; Oh damn'd deluding Woman!

Dreſſ. Be wiſe, and do not ruine where you love.

Wild. Nay, if thou com'ſt to reaſoning, thou haſt loſt me.

Breaks from him and runs in.

Charl. I ſay 'twas *Wilding's* voice, and I will follow it.

Fop. How, Madam, wou'd you after him?

Charl. Nay, force me not: By Heaven I'll cry a Rape,
Unleſs you let me go.---Not after him!
Yes to th'infernal Shades.---Unhand me, Sir.

Fop. How, Madam, have you then deſign'd my ruine?

Charl. Oh, truſt me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour. [*Runs in after* Wild.

Mrs. *Clack.* So; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all undone now: For my part I'll en'e after her, and deny to have any hand in the buſineſs. [*Goes in.*

Fop. Damn all ill Luck, was ever man thus Fortune-bit, that he ſhou'd croſs my hopes juſt in the nick?---But ſhall I loſe her thus? No Gad, I'll after her; and come the worſt, I have an Impudence ſhall out-face a *Middleſex*-Jury, and out-ſwear a Diſcoverer. [*Goes in.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Lady Galliard *purſued by Sir* Charles, *and Footman.*

L. *Gall.* Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayors and require ſome of his Officers to aſſiſt me inſtantly; and d'ye hear, Raſcal, bar up my doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter. [*To the Footman who is going.*

Sir Char. William, you may ſtay, *William.*

L. *Gall.* I ſay, obey me, Sirrah.

Sir Char. Sirrah, I ſay---know your Lord and Maſter.

Will. I ſhall, Sir. [*Goes out.*

L. *Gall.* Was ever woman teaz'd thus? purſue me not.

Sir Char. You are miſtaken, I'm diſobedient grown,
Since we became one Family; and when I've us'd you thus a week or two, you will grow weary of this peeviſh fooling.

L. *Gall.* Malicious thing, I wo'not, I am reſolv'd I'll tire thee out meerly in ſpight to have the better of thee.

Sir Char. Gad I'm as reſolv'd as you, and do your worſt:
For I'm reſolv'd never to quit thy houſe.

L. *Gall.* But Malice, there are Officers, Magiſtrates i'th' City, that will not ſee me us'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir Char. Magiſtrates! why they ſhall be welcome, if they be honeſt and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heavens good time.

L. *Gall.* Are you reſolv'd to be thus obſtinate?
Fully reſolv'd to make this way your Conqueſt?

Sir Char. Moſt certainly, I'll keep you honeſt to your word, my Dear, I've Witneſs---

L. *Gall.* You will?

Sir Char. You'll find it ſo.

L. *Gall.* Then know, if thou dareſt marry me, I will ſo plague thee, be ſo reveng'd for all thoſe tricks thou'ſt playd me---
---Doſt thou not dread the Vengeance Wives can take?

Sir Char. Not at all: I'll truſt thy ſtock of Beauty with thy Wit.

L. *Gall.* Death, I will cuckold thee.

Sir Char. Why then I ſhall be free o'th' Reverend City.

L. *Gall.* Then I will game without ceſſation, till I've undone thee.

Sir Char. Do, that all the Fops of empty heads and pockets, may know where to be ſure of a Cully; and may they rook ye till ye loſe, and fret, and chafe, and rail thoſe youthful Eyes to ſinking; watch your fair Face to pale and withered leanneſs.

L. *Gall.* Then I will never let thee bed with me, but when I pleaſe.

Sir Char. For that, ſee who'll petition firſt, and then I'll change for new ones every night.

Enter William.

Will. Madam, here's Mr. *Wilding* at the door, and will not be deni'd ſeeing you.

L. *Gall.* Hah, *Wilding!* Oh my eternal ſhame! now thou haſt done thy worſt.

Sir Char. Now for a ſtruggle 'twixt your Love and Honour.
---Yes, here's the Bar to all my Happineſs,
You wou'd be left to the wide World and Love,
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to *Wilding*;
But I have too much Honour in my Paſſion,
To let you looſe to Ruine: Conſider and be wiſe.

L. *Gall.* Oh, he has toucht my heart too ſenſibly. [*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. [*within.*] As far as good Manners goes I'm yours;
But when you preſs indecently to Ladies Chambers, civil
Queſtions ought to be askt, I take it, Sir.

L. *Gall.* To find him here, will make him mad with Jealouſie, and in the fit he'll utter all he knows; Oh, Guilt, what art thou? [*Aſide.*

Enter Sir Anth. Wild. *and* Dreſſ.

Dreſſ. Prithee, dear *Wilding*, moderate thy Paſſion.

Wild. By Heaven, I will; ſhe ſhall not have the pleaſure to ſee I am concern'd.
---Morrow, Widow; you are early up, you mean to thrive I ſee, you're like a Mill that grinds with every Wind.

Sir Char. Hah, *Wilding* this, that paſt laſt night at Sir *Timothy*'s for a man of Quality? Oh, give him way, *Wilding*'s my Friend, my Dear, and now I'm ſure I have the advantage of him in thy love. I can forgive a haſty word or two.

Wild. I thank thee, *Charles*---What, you are married then?

L. *Gall.* I hope you've no exception to my choice. [*Scornfully.*

Wild. Falſe woman, doſt thou glory in thy perfidy? [*To her aſide angrily.*
---Yes, Faith, I've many exceptions to him--- [*Aloud.*
Had you lov'd me, you'd pitcht upon a Blockhead,
Some ſpruce gay fool of Fortune, and no more,
Who would have taken ſo much care of his own ill-favour'd
Perſon, he ſhou'd have had no time to have minded yours,
But left it to the care of ſome fond longing Lover.

L. *Gall.* Death, he will tell him all! [*aſide.*] Oh, you are merry, Sir.

Wild. No, but thou art wonderous falſe,
Falſe as the Love and Joys you feign'd laſt night. [*In a ſoft tone aſide to her.*

L. *Gall.* Oh, Sir, be tender of thoſe treacherous minutes. [*Softly to him.*
---If this be all you have to ſay to me--- [*Walking away, and ſpeaking kind.*

Wild. Faith, Madam, you have us'd me ſcurvily,
To marry and not give me notice. [*Aloud.*
---Curſe on thee, did I onely blow the Fire
To warm another Lover? [*To her ſoftly aſide.*

L. *Gall.* Perjur'd---was't not by your advice I marry'd?
---Oh where was then your Love? [*Softly to him aſide.*

Wild. So ſoon did I adviſe,
Didſt thou invite me to the Feaſt of Love,
To ſnatch away my Joys as ſoon as taſted;

Ah

was then your Modesty and sense of Honour? [*Aside to her in a low tone.*

Aye, where indeed, when you so quickly vanquisht? [*Soft.*

you I find are come prepar'd to rail. [*Aloud.*

Wild. No, 'twas with thee to make my last effort against your scorn.

Shews her the Writings.

And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,
When all my Languishments cou'd nought prevail,
Had made ye mine for ever. [*Aloud.*

Enter Sir Anthony *pulling in Sir* Timothy *and* Diana.

Sir Anth. 'Morrow, *Charles*, 'Morrow to your Ladyship: *Charles*, bid Sir *Timothy* welcome; I met him luckily at the door, and am resolv'd none of my Friends shall pass this joyful day without giving thee Joy, *Charles*, and drinking my Ladies Health.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle here so early? [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. What has your Ladyship serv'd me so? How finely I had been mumpt now, if I had not took heart a grace and shew'd your Ladyship trick for trick: for I have been this morning about some such business of Life too, Gentlemen; I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heiress of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, Knight and Alderman.

Wild. Hah, married to *Diana!*
How fickle is the Faith of common women? [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Hum, Who's here, my Lord? What, I see your Lordship has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordship will do my Wedding-dinner the honour to grace it with your presence.

Wild. I shall not fail, Sir.
A Pox upon him, he'll discover all. [*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* I must own, Sir *Timothy*, you have made the better choice.

Sir Tim. I cou'd not help my destiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know.

Enter Charlot *weeping, and* Clacket.

Charl. Stand off, and let me loose as are my Griefs, which can no more be bounded: Oh let me face the perjur'd, false, forsworn!

L. *Gall.* Fair Creature, who is't that you seek with so much sorrow?

Charl. Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantress. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Charlot! Nay then I am discover'd.

L. *Gall.* Alas, what wou'dst thou?

Charl. That which I cannot have, thy faithless Husband.
Be judge, ye everlasting Powers of Love,
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

Sir Anth. How, my Nephew claim'd? Why how now, Sirrah, have you been dabling here?

Sir Char. By Heaven, I know her not.---Heark ye, Widow, this is some trick of yours, and 'twas well laid: and Gad, she's so pretty, I cou'd find in my heart to take her at her word.

L. *Gall.* Vile man, this will not pass your falshood off.
Sure 'tis some Art to make me jealous of him,
To find how much I value him.

Sir Char. Death, I'll have the forgery out;
---Tell me, thou pretty weeping Hypocrite, who was it ſet thee on to lay a [illegible] me?

Charl. To you! Alas, who are you? for till this moment I never ſaw your face.

L. *Gall.* Mad as the Seas when all the Winds are raging.

Sir Tim. Aye, aye, Madam, ſtark mad! Poor Soul---Neighbour, pray let her lie i'th' dark, d'ye hear.

Sir Char. How came you, pretty one, to loſe your Wits thus?

Charl. With loving, Sir, ſtrongly, with too much loving.
---Will you not let me ſee the lovely falſe one? [*To* L. Gall.
For I am told you have his heart in keeping.

L. *Gall.* Who is he? pray deſcribe him.

Charl. A thing juſt like a Man, or rather Angel!
He ſpeaks, and looks, and loves, like any God!
All fine and gay, all manly, and all ſweet:
And when he ſwears he loves, you wou'd ſwear too
That all his Oaths were true.

Sir Anth. Who is ſhe? ſome one who knows her and is wiſer, ſpeak---you, Miſtriſs. [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* Since I muſt ſpeak, there comes the man of Miſchief:
---'Tis you I mean, for all your leering, Sir. [*To* Wild.

Wild. So.

Sir Tim. What, my Lord!

Mrs. *Clack.* I never knew your Nephew was a Lord: Has his Honour made him forget his Honeſty? [Charl. *runs and catches him in her Arms.*

Charl. I have thee, and I'll die thus graſping thee:
Thou art my own, no Power ſhall take thee from me.

Wild. Never, thou trueſt of thy Sex, and deareſt,
Thou ſoft, thou kind, thou conſtant Sufferer,
This moment end thy fears; for I am thine.

Charl. May I believe thou art not married then?

Wild. How can I, when I'm yours?
How cou'd I, when I love thee more than Life?
---Now, Madam, I'm reveng'd on all your ſcorn. [*To* L. Gall.
---And, Uncle, all your cruelty.

Sir Tim. Why, what are you indeed my Nephew, *Thomas*?

Wild. I am *Tom Wilding*, Sir, that once bore ſome ſuch Title, till you diſcarded me, and left me to live upon my Wits.

Sir Tim. What, and are you no Poliſh Embaſſadour then incognito?

Wild. No, Sir, nor you no King Elect, but muſt e'en remain as you were ever, Sir, a moſt ſeditious peſtilent old Knave; one that deludes the Rabble with your Politicks, then leave 'em to be hang'd, as they deſerve, for ſilly mutinous Rebels.

Sir Tim. I'll peach the Rogue, and then he'll be hang'd in courſe, becauſe he's a Tory. One comfort is, I have couzen'd him of his rich Heireſs; for I am married, Sir, to Mrs. *Charlot.*

Wild. Rather *Diana*, Sir; I wiſh you Joy: See here's *Charlot.*! I was not ſuch a Fool to truſt ſuch Bleſſings with the Wicked.

Sir

Sir Char. How, Mrs. *Dy* Ladyfi'd! This is an excellent way of diſpoſing an old caſe of Miſtriſs.

Sir Tim. How, have I married a Strumpet then?

Dian. You give your Nephews Miſtriſs, Sir, too coarſe a name: 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was true to him.

Sir Tim. Undone, undone! I ſhall ne'r make *Guildhall*-ſpeech more; but he ſhall hang for't, if there be ere a Witneſs to be had between this and *Salamanca* for Money.

Wild. Do your worſt, Sir; Witneſſes are out of faſhion now, Sir, thanks to your *Ignoramus* Juries.

Sir Tim. Then I'm reſolv'd to diſ-inherit him.

Wild. See, Sir, that's paſt your skill too, thanks to my laſt nights Ingenuity: they're [*ſhews him the Writings*] ſign'd, ſeal'd, and deliver'd in the preſence of, *&c.*

Sir Tim. Bear Witneſs, 'twas he that robb'd me laſt night.

Sir Anth. We bear Witneſs, Sir, we know of no ſuch matter we. I thank you for that, Sir, wou'd you make Witneſſes of Gentlemen?

Sir Tim. No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay drawn and quarter'd.

Wild. What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits?

Sir Anth. Nay, then 'tis a cleer caſe you can neither hang him nor blame him.

Wild. I'll propoſe fairly now, if you'll be generous and pardon all: I'll render your Eſtate back during Life, and put the Writings in Sir *Anthony Meriwill*'s and Sir *Charles*'s his hands.---

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me,
Without ſo much as wiſhing for your death.

All. This is but Reaſon.

Sir Char. With this Proviſo, that he makes not uſe on't to promote any miſchief to the King and Government.

All. Good and juſt. [*Sir* Tim. *pauſes.*

Sir Tim. Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as loſe my Credit by making a noiſe.---Well, *Tom*, I pardon all, and will be Friends. [*Gives him his hand.*

Sir Char. See, my dear Creature, even this hard old man is mollifi'd at laſt into good nature; yet you'll ſtill be cruel.

L. *Gall.* No, your unwearied Love at laſt has vanquiſht me. Here, be as happy as a Wife can make ye---One laſt look more, and then---be gone fond Love.

Sighing and looking on Wilding, *giving Sir* Charles *her hand.*

Sir Char. Come, Sir, you muſt receive *Diana* too; ſhe is a cheerful witty Girl, and handſome, one that will be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no ſcandal home. Live peaceably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age with buſineſs of State.

Let all things in their own due order move,
Let *Cæſar* be the Kingdoms care and love:
Let the Hot-headed Mutineers petition,
And meddle in the Rights of Juſt Succeſſion;
But may all honeſt hearts as one agree
To bleſs the King, and Royal *Albanie.*

THE END.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

SPOKEN by Mrs. BOTELER.

MY Part, I fear, will take with but a few,
A rich young Heireſs to her firſt Love true!
'Tis damn'd unnatural, and paſt enduring,
Againſt the fundamental Laws of Whoring.
Marrying's the Maſk, which Modeſty aſſures,
Helps to get new, and covers old Amours;
And Huſband ſounds ſo dull to a Town-Bride,
You now-a-days condemn him ere he's try'd;
Ere in his Office he's confirm'd Poſſeſſor,
Like Trincaloes you chuſe him a Succeſſor,
In the gay Spring of Love, when free from doubts,
With early ſhoots his Velvet Forehead ſprouts.
Like a poor Parſon bound to hard Indentures,
You make him pay his Firſt-fruits ere he enters.
But for ſhort Carnivals of ſtoln good Cheer,
You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year;
Till brought at laſt to a ſtarving Nuns condition,
You break into our Quarters for Proviſion:
Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
And tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
Pray, Ladies, leave that Province to our care;
A Fool is the Fee-ſimple of a Player,
In which we Women claim a double ſhare.

In

EPILOGUE.

[illegible] things the Men are Rulers made;
But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.
If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get,
We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother Wit,
By the more natural Blockheads in the Pit.
Take then the Wits, and all their uſeleſs Prattles;
But as for Fools, they are our Goods and Chattels.
Return, Ingrates, to your firſt Haunt the Stage;
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.
What is't you ſee in Quality we want?
What can they give you which we cannot grant?
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint.
We feel the ſame Youth dancing in our Blood;
Our dreſs as gay----All underneath as good.
Moſt men have found us hitherto more true,
And, if we're not abus'd by ſome of you,
We're full as fair----perhaps as wholeſome too.
But if at beſt our hopeful Sport and Trade is,
And nothing now will ſerve you but great Ladies;
May queſtion'd Marriages your Fortune be,
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we:
May Judges puzzle a clear Caſe with Laws,
And Muſquetoon at laſt decide the Cauſe.

FINIS.